

MAGAZINE OF AMERICAN HISTORY

VOL. XV

MARCH, 1886

No. 3

VAN CORTLANDT MANOR-HOUSE

THE period from 1683 to 1688—the five years during which Thomas Dongan, afterward Earl of Limerick, governed New York—was one of important beginnings. We have seen how Albany blossomed into a city in 1686. The forces that were to transform the picturesque wilderness along the line of the Hudson into a garden of beauty were already at work: In the midst of scenery unsurpassed by any in Europe, hundreds of thousands of acres of the finest land in the world were changing owners. The forest kings traded off their possessions with undisguised pleasure; taking as much pride apparently in the buttons and brass-kettles they received in return as the new proprietors did in the fact that all their wonderful acquisitions were the result of honest purchase.

Governor Dongan found it necessary to visit Albany very often during his administration, as the Iroquois were restless and treacherous, and the relations between New York and Canada of the most delicate character. Every effort which ingenuity could devise was made to retain the favor of the dusky warriors, who were the only wall of separation between an unprotected colony and an always possible foe. The character of the French was well understood by Dongan, who not so very long before had commanded an Irish regiment under Louis XIV., in the French and Dutch war, and he was therefore the more intense in his study of the Indians as a race. In maturing the wise policy which was to preserve her boundary from foreign encroachments, and give New York commercial ascendancy on this continent, he was greatly influenced in his judgments through the signs of promise observable from the slow sailing-vessel that bore him to and fro between the metropolis and Albany, and he was materially assisted in every emergency by the intelligent, far-sighted men of the province.

Prominent among these were Stephanus Van Cortlandt and Frederick Philipse—the only two mentioned by name as Counselors by the Duke of York in his original instructions to Dongan, dated January 27, 1683; and both gentlemen were reappointed to the same high office by James as King of England, May 29, 1686. They had been styled by Sir Edward

Andros "very eminent men," in his letters to the Lords, and they bore the reputation, both at home and abroad, of being "very rich men." Van Cortlandt inherited property, then turned it over to advantage; but Philipse, who began with nothing, had grown to be much the wealthier of the two. Van Cortlandt was forty years of age in 1683; Philipse was fifty-six. Van Cortlandt was well educated, classically and otherwise, having been trained, under a learned tutor imported from Europe, in the severe mental culture which characterized his father, Oloff S. Van Cortlandt. He was a tall, handsome man, of fine presence, courtly manners, and many social attractions. In 1677 he was the first native New Yorker to hold the office of mayor of the city (he was again appointed to the mayoralty in 1686 and 1687), and was the first Judge in Admiralty, receiving his appointment from Governor Andros in 1677. His wife was the famous Gertrude Schuyler, sister of Peter Schuyler, first mayor of Albany, and of the

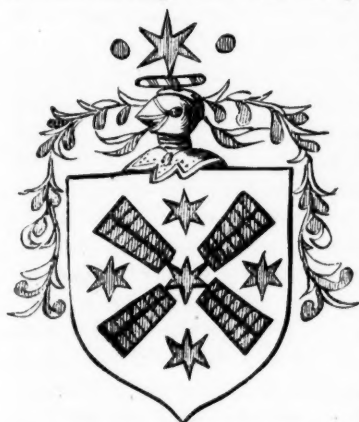


VAN CORTLANDT RELICS.

Loving Cup, Dragon, and other antique treasures brought from Holland more than two hundred and fifty years ago.

wife of Robert Livingston; while of Van Cortlandt's sisters one became the second wife of Philipse, another married Jeremias Van Rensselaer, the patroon, and a third married Brant Schuyler, brother of Mrs. Van Cortlandt. Further intermarriages in the same families made the "court circle" of New York, at this period in a sense one family. Van Cortlandt lived in a large, well-furnished house in the lower part of the city, at the corner of Pearl and Broad Streets, where Sir Edmund and Lady Andros had often been entertained, and where the new governor now became a frequent and familiar guest. Dongan was a bachelor about fifty years of age, a ready talker, with broad views on all practical topics, an accomplished politician and diplomat, and an affable and charming companion.

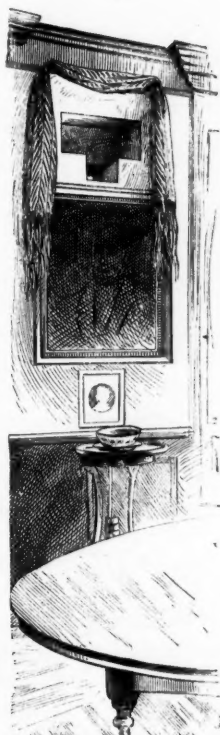
He was a Roman Catholic, and Van Cortlandt an active Churchman (later on the senior warden of Trinity Church), but there is no record of any in-harmony in consequence of different religious views. Dongan was essentially a man for the times, and one of the best of New York's colonial governors. That he should have encouraged the great land-buyers in their operations is no matter of wonder. The opening of the tangled forests to civilization was a prospect filled with magnificent possibilities. He respected tireless activity, such as he saw conspicuously displayed among the few enterprising men, whose money was constantly in requisition to save the credit of the colony. He issued patents with as much alacrity, almost, as Fletcher did in the following decade. He made a considerable purchase himself of the Indians, which he subsequently sold to Van Cortlandt. Philipse had already secured a portion of his immense landed estate, extending from Spuyten Duyvil to the Croton River, and in 1682 built the stone dwelling at Yonkers, which, with additions, became subsequently the manor-house, now the City Hall of Yonkers. Bricks for its masonry, tiles with scriptural illustrations,



SEAL OF STEPHANUS VAN CORTLANDT.
Copied from a deed executed by him in 1664.

and its great outer south door, divided in the middle, were imported from Holland in the ships of Philipse, which were constantly crossing the ocean. The following year, 1683, "Castle Philipse" was built at Sleepy Hollow, and strongly fortified against the savages, and near it the new mill of Philipse first began, about the same date, to grind the grain of his tenants.

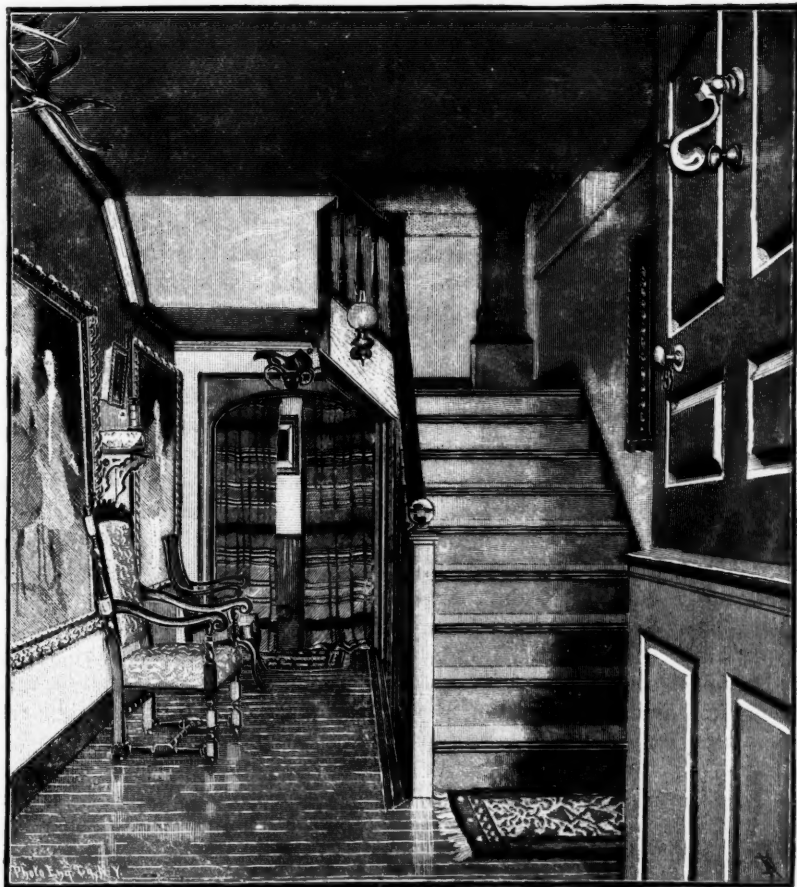
Robert Livingston, meanwhile, was exploring the forests and trading with the Indians, as opportunity offered. He secured some one hundred and sixty



THE LOOP HOLE.
Section of Dining-Room.

acres, and on July 22, 1685, received from Dongan a patent, with manorial privileges, subsequently confirmed by royal authority, with the additional privilege of a representative to the Legislature. Another large patent was obtained from Dongan (soon after his arrival), for seventy-six thousand acres in the vicinity of Fishkill, by Gulian Verplanck and Francis Rombouts, the property described as extending back into the woods from the river "four hours' going," or sixteen miles. Mr. Verplanck dying, Van Cortlandt was joined with Rombouts and Jacob Ship as the representatives of the Verplanck heirs. In all these transactions every thing must be judged in the light of its surroundings. To see events correctly we must catch the spirit of the times. These active men were destined to be of infinite value to New York, for they set many a wheel in motion that otherwise would have been a long while in turning.

Van Cortlandt had been attracted to the region north of the Croton River, and made one purchase as early as 1677. The next of which we have any record was the territory of Meahagh, of which he obtained a deed in 1683. He continued to add to his acres until they numbered 86,000, and reached twenty miles inland, to the Connecticut line, and some ten miles to the north. The exact date when the house was erected is unknown. There is a tradition that it was built some time before the Philipse house at Yonkers; but from many of its features we are led to the belief that it came into existence the same year. It was evidently intended as a fort in case of hostilities with the Indians or French, and for the protection of the tenants in the neighborhood, rather than as a family residence. Its solid stone walls are three feet in thickness, and pierced at intervals of two feet with loop-holes for musketry, two rows of which extend entirely round the original structure; one of these apertures has been opened in the dining-room, as engraved in the sketch. The great hospitable entrance door is of the same Dutch pattern, divided in halves, as that of the Philipse house, imported, probably, at the same time, as nothing of the kind was then manufactured in this country. The entrance hall awakens intense interest; the first object upon which the eye rests being the antique staircase with its volume of historic associations. Upon the left wall hang two large paintings, representing two of the grandsons of Stephanus Van Cortlandt, John and Pierre, as school-boys, John standing beside a deer he had tamed, and Pierre beside a pet dog. The horns of the tame deer are suspended upon the wall above the pictures. These boys were the sons of Philip Van Cortlandt, who inherited the manor-house property at the death of his father, and whose wife was Catharine de Peyster, granddaughter of the founder of that family in this country. John, born in



ENTRANCE HALL OF VAN CORTLANDT MANOR-HOUSE.

1718, died unmarried at the age of twenty-nine. His little note-book, nearly one hundred and fifty years old, is at this moment in the hands of the writer, in which, in a clear, legible hand, we find described his passage from New York to the Croton River, "in John Teller's sloop," in May, 1747, a journey that occupied two days. Pierre, upon arriving at manhood, married his second cousin, Joanna Livingston, granddaughter of Robert Livingston, first lord of Livingston manor, and their descendants have

ever since occupied this dwelling. He was the first lieutenant-governor of New York as a State, holding the office for eighteen successive years. The wedding-dress of Joanna Livingston is preserved—a white moire antique, now cream-color from age. The bride received a wedding gift from her aunt in Holland of a blue silk petticoat, elaborately quilted, and clocked stockings, and wore them to please the aunt, but with many demurs at having to wear colors on her bridal day.

To the right of the entrance hall is a large restful apartment that has always been the sitting-room of the family, and in a close set in the wall near its old-fashioned fire-place are the rare and curious heirlooms, many of which were brought from Holland by Oloff S. Van Cortlandt—they consist of plate, china, jewelry and glass, of the most varied and interesting character. The christening bowl that has been used in all the generations of the Van Cortlandts in this country, the loving cup, illustrated elsewhere, and pieces of old Holland porcelain are studies for the artist, as well as antiquarian. Upon the mantel is a curious clock, the carvings of which represent the Queen of Sheba going to see Solomon. In the rear of this room is the library. Beyond it—in one of the wings, added long after the Dongan period—is the parlor of the mansion, overlooking a finely cultivated garden to the east. The dining-room opens to the left of the entrance hall, and exhibits the traces of well-preserved age in greater profusion than any other part of the dwelling. An enormous round mahogany table, which was imported from Holland before the English Revolution, is one of its conspicuous features. During the American Revolution this table was carried to Rhinebeck for safety, as the cow-boys and skinners alternately occupied the house, taking out the beautiful tiles from the fire-places to use as plates, and doing mischief generally. In the rear of the dining-room is a bed-room of size corresponding with the library, along the base of which for years were marks of the pitching of coppers by the raiders. Shut into this room, in solitude, Pierre Van Cortlandt fasted and prayed all the day of the battle of White Plains. This room was also the scene of a pretty little romance. A young girl, a ward and relative, whom the lieutenant-governor had cared for as his own child, became engaged to a country lad much against the good judgment of her guardian, who forbade the marriage. She planned therefore an elopement, and jumped through the window of this apartment—only about three feet from the ground, however.

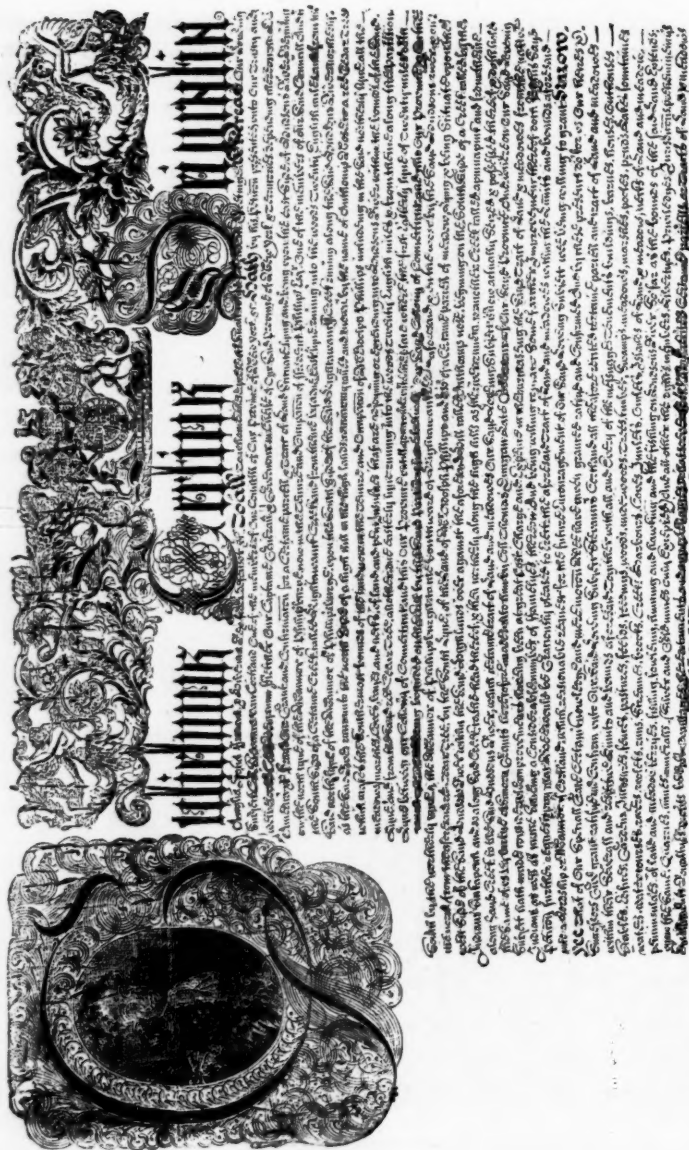
The site of the picturesque old manor-house was apparently selected with a view to its accessibility by water. At the point where the Croton joins the Hudson was formerly a beautiful bay, a convenient anchorage for

vessels large and small. The house was built facing this bay, to the south, and sheltered from the northerly winds by a leafy eminence in the rear. It has a high basement, a second story, which includes the principal and living apartments, and a third story, lighted by dormer windows. It has two roomy wings, to the right and left, and around the front and ends of the mansion is a broad veranda, shaded by trailing vines. From this veranda the celebrated Whitfield preached about the middle of the last century, whose eloquence was so great and whose voice so powerful, rich and sweet that Dr. Franklin estimated that he could be heard distinctly in the open air by thirty thousand peo-



THE SITTING-ROOM. } *Van Cortlandt Manor-House.*
THE DINING-ROOM. }

ple. Seats were constructed on the lawn for his audience. Bishop Asbury also preached from this veranda, who for thirty-two years traveled from place to place, preach-



PORTION OF THE MANORIAL CHARTER, ENGROSSED ON HEAVY PARCHMENT, BEARING THE GREAT SEAL OF THE PROVINCE AND DATE, JUNE 17, 1657.

ing about seven thousand sermons, and ordaining not less than three thousand preachers. Few houses in America are more notable for the distinction of its occupants and guests. Dongan christened it, some say built it (but that is now thought improbable) while on his sporting expeditions. Being extremely fond of his gun and of a holiday, he was quick to discover that the woods thereabouts were alive with fat venison and other game, and the waters the resort of canvas-back ducks. He never went alone, and it is easy to imagine the gay parties of gentleman who at one time and another were quartered under its roof more than two centuries ago.

Van Cortlandt improved his property slowly, built a ferry-house, still standing a few rods from the manor-house—but a very different structure of brick and timber, with a steep, sloping roof—and established ferries, and erected houses and barns for his tenants as they multiplied, and began clearing and tilling the soil. The Indians were in the habit of coming to Teller's Point for their yearly feasts and dances, and as they partook on such occasions very freely of "fire-water," they became ferocious and dangerous; thus the isolated tenants and their families generally took refuge during these savage festivities in the manor-house.

In June, 1697, Van Cortlandt's whole territory was erected by charter into the lordship and manor of Cortlandt, with power to hold court-leet and court-baron, distrain for the rents, send a representative to the New York Legislature, etc., reciting all the usual privileges extended to such domains. It does not appear that he ever made the manor-house his permanent home. He was too stirring a man to dwell in quiet so far from the city where his presence was constantly needed. He was one of the privy council of the king's governor for eight years, during which time the political wheel took some very rapid and fierce turns. He was obliged to perform military duty, and wars and rumors of wars were perpetual. He was not only Judge in Admiralty, but Associate Judge in the colonial court, at one time Deputy auditor-general, at another, receiver-general; he was secretary of the Province, then principal Surrogate. In 1696, he was Chancellor, a little later on he served as collector of the Revenue, and finally became chief-justice of the Supreme Court. In addition to all this he had important business of his own, and was occupied with many charities. He went to the manor in the summer-time, but his numerous family of children could hardly have been accommodated all at once in the little fortress before it was enlarged. Mrs. Van Cortlandt, who has passed into history as one of the most remarkable and interesting women of her day, spent more time at the manor than her husband; and both before and after his death, in 1701, she extended its hospitalities to Lady Bellomont. Anne, one of

Van Cortlandt's daughters, married Stephen De Lancey, ancestor of the De Lancey family of New York; Margaret, another daughter, married Samuel, the son of Nicholas Bayard; Maria became the wife of Killian Van Rensselaer; Gertrude married Colonel Henry Beekman; Elizabeth married Rev. William Skinner; Catharine married Andrew Johnson; Cornelia married Colonel John Schuyler, and was the mother of General Philip Schuyler; and Gertrude, the only daughter and heir of the eldest son, Johannes, married Philip Verplanck. The manor was divided by will, but the partition did not take place until 1734. The share of each heir amounted to nearly eight thousand acres. Thus it will be seen that the original manor property passed into the possession of many other prominent New York families, and with the development of years has enriched their descendants beyond measure.

Philip Van Cortlandt, the third son, and second proprietor of the manor, was appointed to the Privy council in 1730, and continued in his seat for eighteen years, until his death in 1748. He was intimately associated with the brilliant and daring men of that exciting period—the versatile James De Lancey, his sister's son; Philip Livingston, of Livingston manor, his first cousin; Colonel Beekman and Abraham De Peyster, his two brothers-in-law; Dr. Cadwalladar Colden, Rip Van Dam, John Rutherford, Archibald Kennedy, Daniel Horsemanden, James Alexander, Lewis Morris, William Smith, and Montgomerie, Cosby, Clarke, and Sir George Clinton, the successive rulers of New York appointed by the English government. He was concerned in the quarrel between Cosby and Van Dam, in the great Zenger trial, in the subsequent feud of Clarke and Van Dam, in the contested election between Philipse and Van Horne, in the events attending the great negro plot, in the reduction of Louisburg, and in the opposition to Sir Henry Clinton. The vigorous, violent and abusive language used in these memorable altercations has never been excelled. In the Assembly the men often gave the lie “and fell together by the ears.” A traveler passing through New York about this time printed an amusing account of his experiences. He said he dined with some of the prominent “courtiers,” who called everybody black except themselves. “Fine time for a Dutch mob to judge of prerogatives!” said one. “These Dutchmen will fancy by-and-by that they are in Holland, and treat us like a parcel of burgomasters!” exclaimed another; and thus the banquet was enlivened to the end. The writer thought it would be more agreeable to go among the no-party men, but, although the evening commenced propitiously, he soon discovered to his surprise, that they were as violent “courtiers” as any he had ever seen. He went to a club consisting of both-party men,

and thought they would have devoured each other before they separated. He spent an evening with some "Zengerites," whose discourse was peppered with invective against the "courtiers," whom they considered the common enemies of mankind. He almost became a convert to the opinion that no man could have good sense—he must be a fool or a rascal—if he differed from his neighbor on any of the topics of the day. But he had yet to make the acquaintance of the "Prudents," who were quietly resolved to court the rising power without giving umbrage to the minority—their maxim was, "differ with no one who has the power to injure you."



THE VAN CORTLANDT MANOR-HOUSE

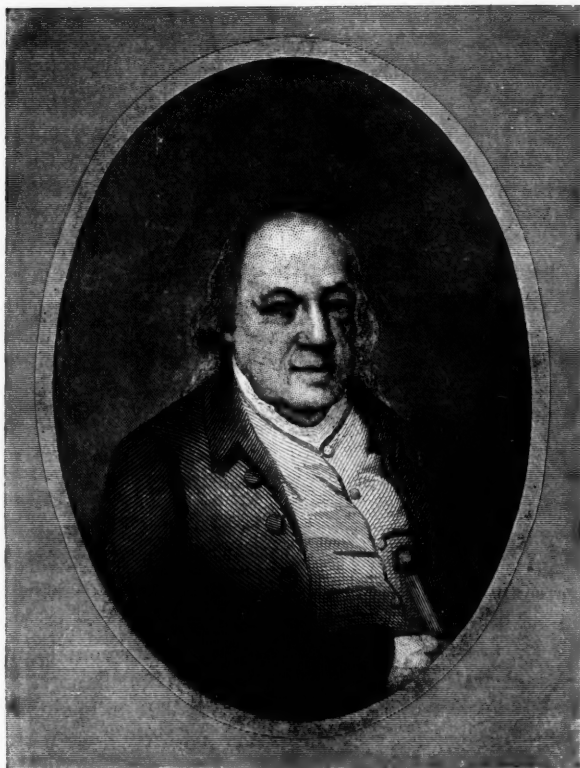
He thought this class "monotonous bores." He finally resolved to visit the ladies. Alas! They were more zealous politicians than the gentlemen. He found "Courtiers" and "Zengerites," no-party women, both-party women, and "Prudents;" and they were, as he expressed himself, "as warm as scalloped oysters in their discussions, although exceptionally good-mannered."

As a mirror of the times on a miniature scale, the traveler drew his picture well. Philip Van Cortlandt was one of the "courtiers," called so in derision. The fashion of speech had changed since his father, Stephanus Van Cortlandt, in the stormy times of the English Revolution, was contemptuously styled an "aristocrat" and a "papist" by the opposing faction. Stepping backward still another generation to the time of Oloff

S. Van Cortlandt, it would be interesting to note the epithets men hurled at each other in unadulterated Dutch. Of the three periods it is difficult to determine in which the quarrels were the more animated. The struggle in 1848 between Stuyvesant and the "Nine men"—of whom was Van Cortlandt—was as important in its results as anything which followed. It reached across the ocean, both parties appearing before the States-General. It attracted attention to New York, and added materially to her population. But in its details nothing could have been more rancorous and implacable. The degraded but sharp-witted Secretary Van Tienhoven called his adversaries all manner of ignominious names, but he was the only man concerned who actually came to grief. He had long been addicted to every known vice, and every honest heart and every honest face was turned against him—except Stuyvesant, over whom he had managed to exert a singular influence—when he was detected in gross frauds upon the revenue, and absconded, leaving his hat and cane floating on the river to convey the idea of suicide. His brother Adriaen, who had also fingered the revenue, disappeared about the same time, and was subsequently recognized in the English service at Barbadoes in the capacity of cook. With all this background of prosaic fact there is something grotesquely amusing in the effort of certain recent writers—through what motive does not appear—to throw discredit upon the family origin of some of the sterling men of that remote time by quoting from the miserable Tienhoven, as if he could be an authority for anything whatever relating to the truth of history. In General Logan's new book, *The Great Conspiracy*, is an item clipped from the New Orleans *Picayune* in the spring of 1861, which reads thus: "All the Massachusetts troops now in Washington are negroes, with the exception of two or three drummer boys. General Butler, in command, is a native of Liberia. Our readers may recollect old Ben, the barber, who kept a shop in Poydras Street, and emigrated to Liberia with a small competence. General Butler is his son."

Will some versatile genius two hundred years hence discover this paragraph, and thereupon proceed to tear down a whole structure of genealogy, and prove to an astonished audience that General Butler was the son of a barber in Liberia?

The principal residence of Philip Van Cortlandt was in the city, but his manor-house was kept open at all seasons, a host of slaves were in attendance, and his wife and children went there at pleasure. His property was divided among his six children when he died, only two of whom married, his eldest and his fifth son—Stephen and Pierre—his only daughter being killed in 1738, at the age of thirteen, by the bursting of a cannon at



PIERRE VAN CORTLANDT.

Lieutenant-Governor of New York, 1777-1795

the Battery on the king's birthday. Stephen, the eldest son, died some eight years later, and the three unmarried brothers died young. Stephen's eldest son, Philip, entered the British army in the Revolution, and at its close went to England to reside, where his numerous descendants intermarried with many members of the English nobility; his great-grandson is the present Lord Elphinstone, one of the queen's lords in waiting.

Pierre Van Cortlandt became the third proprietor of the manor-house and surroundings, and made it his permanent residence from 1749. There for more than half a century he dispensed hospitalities to nearly all the great men of his time. Dr. Colden wrote after spending a night there in 1753:

"Young Pierre and his charming wife keep up the hospitalities of the house equal to his late father." Governor Tryon, in 1774, went up to the manor in a sloop to pay him a visit, apparently of courtesy, accompanied by Mrs. Tryon, Miss Watts, the daughter of Honorable John Watts, and his secretary, Colonel Fanning. The following morning Tryon proposed a walk, and after reaching one of the highest points of land on the estate, announced to his host that he was authorized to offer him royal favors, honors, grants of land, etc., if he would abandon the popular cause and adhere to the King and Parliament, hinting with much force that a title could easily be bestowed. Van Cortlandt declined with decision, saying that the people had confidence in his integrity, and he should do all he could for their benefit and the good of his country. Governor Tryon and his party quickly took their leave, and returned to New York, in disappointment. Pierre Van Cortlandt represented Cortlandt manor in the Assembly from 1768 to 1775; was sent to the New York Congress in May, 1775, and continued to be a delegate through all its changing sessions, as it was tossed from place to place, and performed almost every class of public duty; in May, 1777, he was appointed President of the Council of Safety—a body of fifteen members constituted after the formation of the State constitution as a temporary form of government until a governor could be elected and the legislature meet—which wielded an absolute sovereignty in the most critical period of New York's history; in the elections that followed he became lieutenant-governor of the State, and was president of the Senate. As Governor Clinton was necessarily much absorbed in military duties, Van Cortlandt was left chief executive officer and civil magistrate during the greater part of the war period. His example of undismayed faithfulness when driven from his estates and while adverse clouds darkened the entire horizon were of priceless value to the American cause. He was one of the noble company who ratified the Declaration of Independence—on horseback—at White Plains, July 9, 1776. Few men of his time inspired a higher degree of confidence and respect among all classes in New York.

In the stirring years at the beginning of the contest, many distinguished men visited the manor-house. Dr. Franklin spent a night there in June, 1776, on returning from his unsuccessful mission to Canada. An interesting incident is told in this connection. One of the children came running into the house to bring his mother some of the pins of the prickly pear. Dr. Franklin asked what they were and if they were substituting them for the ordinary pins of the household, and being answered in the

affirmative, exclaimed with much animation: "The Colonists will certainly succeed if they can grow their own pins!" Washington was there many times, and on one occasion wrote in his diary of the "new bridge over the Croton" in front of the manor-house, it having superseded in a measure, the old ferry, which for a century had been the only means of transit. The ferry-house afforded shelter to multitudes of the soldiers of the Revolution, on their marches. Here came Lafayette, De Rochambeau, Baron Steuben and the Duke De Lauzun. When danger fell thick about the manor the family hastened for safety to a farm at Rhinebeck. An old inventory of the goods and cattle removed from the place, preserved on paper yellowed with age, reminds one forcibly of the Patriarch Abraham and his flocks. It is a long paper, or it would be interesting to give it entire. We read of a procession of "Thirteen cows, thirteen sheep, thirteen lambs (three sheep and three lambs tired out on the journey), twenty horses, thirteen cows, five yearlings," and a variety of other domestic animals. The wagons were packed with tables, chairs, choice pieces of furniture and great chests of bedding. "June 18, sent up sixteen loads." On July 1, the entry reads, in the hand of one of Van Cortlandt's daughters: "Two waggons came down Saturday, went up on Monday, myself, mamma, Nancy, Gilbert, etc., moved up and arrived there the 3d day of July, being Monday."

A few faithful household slaves were left behind to care for the property in the best manner possible. At one time the "Row Galley Men" came to carry them off, and hiding themselves in the garret, the trembling negroes heard the project discussed of burning the house and barns. The approach of troops, however, at this juncture probably frustrated the work, and the raiders fled. Young Pierre Van Cortland (afterward the general) was then a slender lad, and frequently sent down to the manor-house to reconnoitre. He slept in a quaint little place of concealment on such occasions—in a closet under the stairs, near the kitchen, just large enough to squeeze himself in. Many a romantic story might be told in connection with this house during the progress of the war, if space permitted. But we must move forward. While the leaders of thought and the leaders of armies were alike groping in a dense cloud, peace came. Lieutenant-Governor Van Cortlandt wrote in his journal of his trip to New York, on the occasion of the grand entry, as follows: "I went from Peekskill Tuesday, the 18th of November, in company with his Excellency Governor Clinton, Colonel Benson, and Colonel Campbell. Lodged that night with General Van Cortlandt, at Croton River; proceeded and lodged Wednesday night at Edward Cowenhovens, where we met his Excellency

General Washington and his aides. The next night lodged with Mr. Frederick Van Cortlandt at the Yonkers, after having dined with General Lewis Morris; Friday morning in company with the Commander-in-chief, as far as the Widow Day's at Harlem, where we held a council. Saturday I rode down to Mr. Stuyvesants (his brother-in-law) stayed there until Tuesday, THEN RODE TRIUMPHANT INTO THE CITY with the Commander-in-chief."

For many years after the war Van Cortlandt gave his time and his strength to public affairs. The necessities of the situation kept him chiefly at the capital. During Washington's Presidency he was a prominent figure in the social circle of New York, and one of the President's dinner company not infrequently as often as twice a week. After a time he and his family took up their abode once more at the manor-house, which again became notable for its hospitalities and its charities, and there he spent the evening of his noble life. He died, crowned with honors, in 1814.



GENERAL PHILIP VAN CORTLANDT.

[From a rare miniature.]

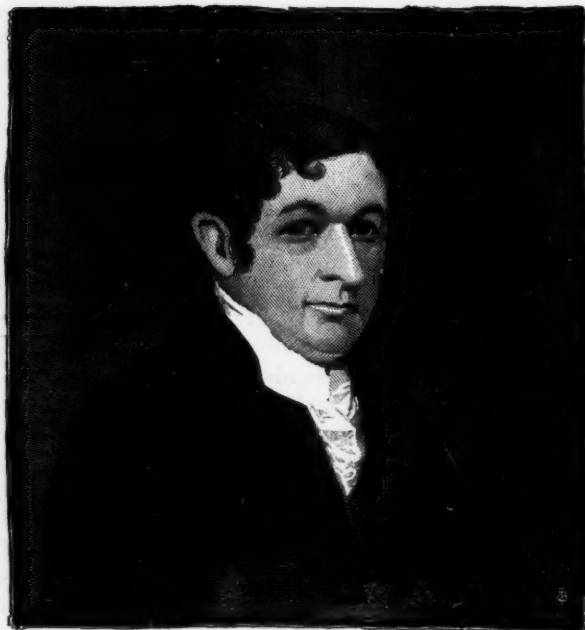
General Philip Van Cortlandt (1749-1831), eldest son of the lieutenant-governor, succeeded to the estate, and was the fourth proprietor of the manor-house. He never married, and with him resided his sister Catharine, Mrs. Van Wyck, after the death of her husband. When the war broke out he was a dashing young man of twenty-six, a major in the "Tryon Guards" of the manor of Cortlandt. He at once burned his commission, and was elected to the Provincial Convention, to choose delegates to the Continental Congress. He was shortly after appointed lieutenant-colonel in the continental army, and served bravely and effectively through the war; for his gallantry at Yorktown he was made brigadier-general. He was the first supervisor of the town of Cortlandt in 1788; a member of the New York Assembly from 1788 to 1790; and of the Senate from 1791 to 1794. He was then elected to Congress, and continued to represent his district in that body for sixteen successive years, until he declined re-election. He was a member of the New York convention that adopted the Constitution; and in 1812 was an elector for President. He was also one of the original members of the Cincinnati, and its first treasurer. He was on terms of great intimacy with Lafayette, and when that nobleman visited this country in 1824, the personal resemblance of the two men was remarked by all who met them. He

entertained Lafayette at the manor-house, and accompanied him on his memorable tour through the United States; on one occasion, at a large reception, finding Lafayette very much wearied with hand-shaking, he stepped into his place and received the greetings of the multitude, who, not noticing the disappearance of Lafayette, went away satisfied with having, as supposed, grasped the hand of the French patriot.

General Pierre Van Cortlandt (1762-1848) succeeded to the manor-house property on the death of his brother, General Philip Van Cortlandt. His first wife was Catharine, the daughter of George Clinton; his second, Anne Stevenson. He, too, was a useful man in public affairs, was in the State legislature, succeeded his brother as member of Congress, and was prominent in a multitude of directions. In the year 1800, he was a Presidential elector, and again in 1840. He was a lad of fourteen when the war broke out, and his youthful experiences were of the most varied and interesting character. He had been consigned to the new college at New Brunswick for his education; and his father wrote a letter introducing him to Washington, then in New Jersey. Young Pierre presented the letter with much trepidation, and when invited to dinner the next day stammered a faint "Yes." But as the time drew near for him to appear again before the great personage, he was overcome with timidity, and after marching toward head-quarters for a little distance turned about and ran home. The next morning he accidentally met Washington, who, before he could escape, exclaimed, "Master Cortlandt, where were you yesterday?" The boy tried to articulate an excuse. "Master Cortlandt," interrupted Washington with grave solemnity, "Mrs. Washington and myself expected you to dinner yesterday; we waited a few moments for you; you inconvenienced my family by failing to keep your word; you are a young lad, Master Cortlandt, and let me advise you, hereafter, when you make a promise or an engagement, never fail to keep it; good-morning, Master Cortlandt!" After graduating from Rutgers College young Pierre studied law in the office of Alexander Hamilton, and rose rapidly into notice. His letters from Washington while in Congress are of great interest. In one addressed to his brother Philip, a day or two after the death of Vice-President Clinton, he criticises President Madison with great severity, for having been so "disrespectful to the memory of a greater man than himself as to suffer Mrs. Madison to have her drawing-room as usual." (This occurred on the day following the funeral of the Vice-President.) From 1833 to 1848, Van Cortlandt was vice-president of the Westchester County Bank; and when the States Prison was removed to

Sing Sing he was one of the Board of Inspectors, much of the time president of the Board.

His only child, Colonel Pierre Van Cortlandt, succeeded to the inheritance of his ancestors in 1848. His tastes never led him into public life, but he followed instead the more genial pursuits of a country gentleman. He was a member of the Cincinnati Society, serving on all the standing



GENERAL PIERRE VAN CORTLANDT.
[From a painting at the Manor-House.]

committees for many years. He married in 1836, Catharine, daughter of Dr. Theodorick Romeyn Beck, of Albany — a author and founder of medical jurisprudence. Colonel Van Cortlandt was a remarkably handsome man, even in his mature years, tall, well-proportioned, graceful, of stately presence, with the courtly manners of the old school. He died July 11, 1884, and it was said of him: "Residing during all

his years from boyhood to old age in the town which bears his name, he died without an enemy." Of his five children, three only are living, one son, James Stevenson Van Cortlandt, who resides at the manor, and two daughters.

One of the interesting characters associated with the manor-house was Brant, the famous Indian chieftain, and his portrait looks down from the wall with an air of contentment, as if fully satisfied with his surroundings. There are many other portraits of interest in this delightful dwelling, together with elaborately carved wainscoting, old-time mirrors, and handsome

pieces of antique furniture of unmistakable Holland origin, and of two centuries of age. Every apartment seems alive with historic tongues. We can imagine the love-romances on the vine-clad veranda, the stately weddings in the parlor, and the banquets in the dining-room. But we must pause in the "Haunted chamber" for a real thrilling sensation. The

ghost, like all of her clan, seems entirely harmless, but why she should persist in making her nocturnal visits to this particular chamber, for so long a series of years, is a mystery with which we do not propose to meddle. It is a curious fact that she never intrudes herself upon the occupants of the house, it is only visitors whom she seeks, as if she had some grievance to unfold—and yet she does not seek all visitors. We believe only one within any recent



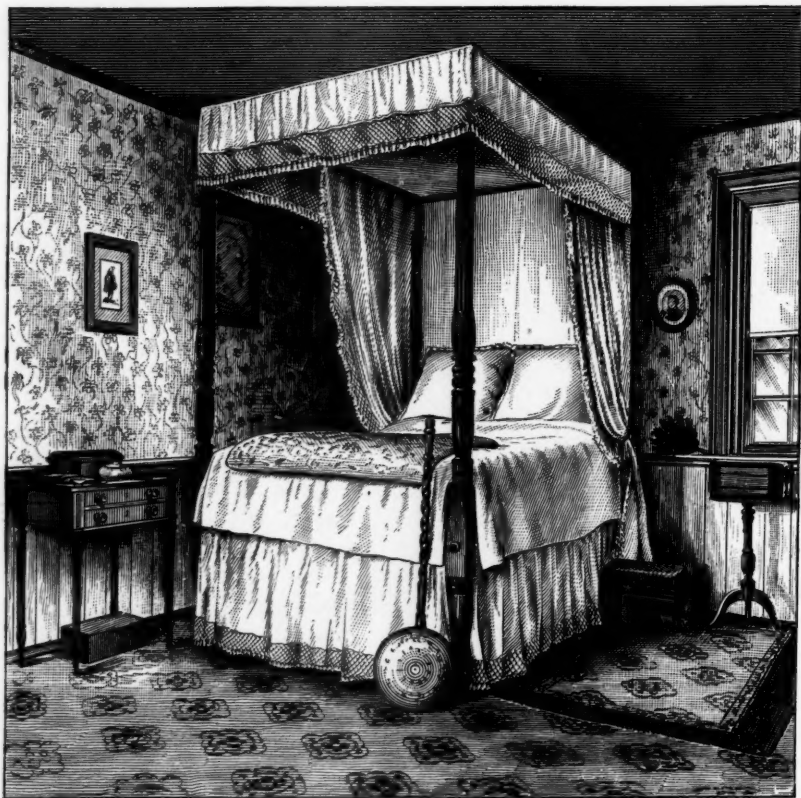
COLONEL PIERRE VAN CORTLANDT.

[From a Crayon Portrait.]

period can testify to having been favored with her ghostly presence.

Still more weird and romantic is the old legend of the coach and four, which for a score of decades has at intervals been heard to rattle up to the door and then disappear in silence, in the darkness. One old slave declared to persons now living, that she had positively seen the ghostly coach and four with her own eyes.

It has been no part of the writer's purpose to present a history of the



THE HAUNTED CHAMBER OF THE MANOR-HOUSE.

Van Cortlandt family, which has recently been done by a skilled hand, and will soon be given to the public. A history of the manor from a legal point of view is also in process of preparation by another able author. This sketch has aimed simply to preserve the distinguishing features of one of the most interesting historic houses on this continent.

Martha J Lamb

SHALL WE HAVE COLONIES AND A NAVY?

OUR ATTEMPTS TO COLONIZE

The efforts now made by the leading nations of Europe—especially those which heretofore have had comparatively little share in the commerce of the world—to acquire new territories and to obtain a foothold in every quarter of the globe, constitute a novel and striking feature of the times. The fact is now clearly recognized how much the commercial and maritime supremacy of England, and her immense wealth, have resulted from her colonies and her possessions on all the continents and in all the seas of the world, and navies and colonial possessions are the objects for which powers are struggling, even where, as in the case of Austria, they are almost landlocked. And there is not one of them which does not possess territories, long since occupied or recently acquired, which afford them an outlet and field for their population, a market for their manufactures, harbors for their ships, and supplies and refuge for their war vessels in the event of war. The United States alone, of all the mighty nations of the earth, has not a foot of land nor harbor of her own outside of the main land of the continent of North America, and she has neither vessels of war nor ships of burden. We talk and write much about the revival of American commerce, but without colonies, without foreign markets, without stations, without a mercantile navy and a war navy to protect it, how can this be done?

On this continent the United States has had great expansion—the peninsula of Florida, the great States of Louisiana, Arkansas, Missouri and Iowa, the empires of Texas, California and New Mexico, have filled up and rounded off our possessions. Content with these acquisitions, we have not looked abroad. We thought we were rich and great enough in land; and perhaps, too, the idea was imbedded in the American mind that it was not the mission of this republic to do anything more than stay at home, preserve our institutions, and show the world an example of a government which absolutely secured and protected individual freedom and individual rights.

Attempts have been made more than once to obtain possession of one of the islands of the West Indies, or at least a harbor there, but all resulted in nothing. A brief history of these measures may be, at this particular time, of some interest to the American people.

The West Indies belong geographically, not only to the North American continent, but to the United States, yet we have not an acre there, while nearly all the commercial nations have obtained valid and valuable possession of one or more islands. Spain owns Cuba, Porto Rico and the Isle of Pines; Great Britain owns Jamaica, Trinidad, Barbadoes, Grenada, Tobago, St. Vincent, St. Lucia, Antigua, Nevis, Turks Island, Virgin Island, the Bahama Islands and New Providence; Holland owns St. Martin's and Curaçoa; Sweden, St. Bartholomew; Denmark, Santa Cruz, St. John's and St. Thomas; and France, Guadeloupe and Martinique. The island of Hayti is divided into two so-called independent republics.

It must be admitted that this is not a desirable condition of things for the United States. Any of these nations, in case of war with us, would have vantage ground at our very doors to attack us.

San Domingo, which had belonged both to France and Spain, succeeded in 1821 in a revolution which separated her from the latter country. She formed a constitution somewhat modeled on that of the United States. As this island alone, in all the West Indies, was not owned by some European power, and was free to act for herself, and was besides a republic, she was the one toward which our attention was naturally directed. Its situation, in the very middle of the group, and its resources, made it very desirable, possessing as it did several excellent harbors, notably that of Samana, in the eastern end, which is very capacious and safe, being sheltered by mountains north and west, and capable of easy defense at the entrance. The importance of the acquisition of this island has long been dimly recognized. During the administration of Mr. Tyler, the state department sent Mr. Hogan there as a special agent, with very comprehensive powers. He was instructed to ascertain and report upon the following subjects:

1. The extent of territory claimed and held by San Domingo.
2. The character and race composition of its people, and the population.
3. The number and availability of its troops.
4. Its financial system, its trade and resources.

Mr. Hogan made a very favorable report, but it is not apparent what exact object our government then had in view—whether it was contemplated to acknowledge merely the independence of the republic, to make some treaty, or to attempt annexation. But this was just at the close of President Tyler's administration, and nothing came of it.

In the year 1854, President Pierce sent Captain George B. McClellan to San Domingo, but his mission was more limited in its scope and purpose than that of Mr. Hogan. He was instructed to examine the Bay of

Samana, and inform the government fully on its capacities and advantages, with the ultimate design of either buying or leasing it, with as much land as was necessary, to be used as a coaling and naval station. He made a most clear, admirable and interesting report, which formed the main basis upon which a convention was subsequently negotiated, giving us the bay and the adjacent land for fifty years, upon the payment of \$2,000,000. But this convention expired without ratification. In fact, revolutions were so frequent in San Domingo that it was not easy to know with whom we could safely treat.

No further step was taken until after the war. In 1861, forty years after she lost San Domingo, Spain reconquered and again took possession of it. This was a clear opportunity for the United States to enforce the Monroe Doctrine. The lapse of nearly half a century, during which period the island was wholly independent of Spain, was certainly time enough to make the second occupation a new conquest. But the United States was then engaged in the civil war, and before that was over Spain was again expelled, and acknowledged the independence of San Domingo in 1865. Certainly no reason exists for enforcing the Monroe Doctrine in Central America, and in relation to such places as the Bay Islands and the Mosquito Territory, that does not apply with a magnified force to the West Indies. There is hardly any conceivable condition of things that would render the presence of a hostile power in that region as formidable either to our institutions or our safety and convenience as it would be in any of the large West India islands. And yet our government permitted Spain to re-occupy San Domingo without, I believe, even a protest, and this after declaring that in "no event should the United States permit any European power to make a colony of any of the Central American States."

The last and most pronounced attempt to acquire San Domingo was that made during the administration of President Grant, which caused the break between him and Mr. Sumner, and created such excitement in the country. As a first step the President sent General Babcock to the island to examine the country, its value and resources, ascertain the condition of the people, and report generally upon the advisability of acquiring it. This report was so favorable that it and the solicitations of Dominican agents induced the President to negotiate a treaty with the then authorities. The injunction of secrecy has never been removed from this treaty, but of course it is known that it provided for the absorption of San Domingo into the United States in some form—either as a State or Territory. The treaty was sent to the Senate for ratification, and subsequent events of a public character made it known to the world that the debate over it in that

body was prolonged and bitter. It was defeated, and that led the President to send a special message to Congress, which resulted in the appointment of commissioners to visit the island and report on it comprehensively. The commissioners were B. F. Wade, Andrew D. White and Samuel G. Howe, and they were accompanied by Allan A. Benton and Frederick Douglass. When the report was ready the President laid it before Congress, with a second special message, which was, in fact, an explanation of the circumstances which led him to negotiate the treaty, and a statement of his reasons for the step.

The reasons which he assigned and the general conduct of the government in the whole affair did not meet with the approval of the people, and possibly, but for these unfortunate surroundings, the result might have been different. While the treaty was still pending in the Senate, and it was known that a contest was going on in that body over its ratification, Mr. Robeson, Secretary of the Navy, issued this order to Admiral Poor:

"Navy Department, Jan. 29, 1870.

"Proceed at once with the *Severn* and *Dictator* to Port au Prince, communicate with our consul there, and inform the present Haytian authorities that this Government is determined to protect the present Dominican Government with all its power. You will then proceed to Dominica and use your force to give the most ample protection to the Dominican Government against any power attempting to interfere with it. Visit Samana Bay and the Capital, and see the United States power and authority secure there. There must be no failure in this matter. If the Haytians attack the Dominicans with their ships, destroy or capture them. See that there is a proper force both at San Domingo City and Samana."

Port au Prince is not in or near Domingo—it is in the western part of Hayti; and many prominent Republicans, as well as the Democrats generally, regarded this order as a most dangerous proceeding, not authorized by the Constitution or laws of the United States, and likely to involve the country in war—in short as a gross usurpation of authority by the executive department of the government. Mr. Sumner and Mr. Schurz were particularly fierce in their denunciation of it, and indeed it is not easy for anybody to justify or defend it. Mr. Schurz characterized the act "as most absurd, most dangerous and most unrepugnant." . . . "Let this first precedent of acquiescence in an act of usurpation by a successful soldier pass into our history, and you will have struck a blow at the cause of free government that will resound throughout the earth."

Nor was the administration more fortunate in the chief ground assigned for seeking to obtain the island of San Domingo. The President in his message of April 5, 1871, said: "Under the attending circumstances I felt

that if I turned a deaf ear to this appeal, I might in the future be justly charged with flagrant neglect of the public interests and an utter disregard of the welfare of a down-trodden race, praying for the blessings of a free and strong government and for protection in the fruits of their industry."

Our people had just emerged from the greatest civil war ever witnessed, caused by this "down-trodden" race, and the problems connected with which, then as well as now, were seeking anxiously for solution, and nobody has been found wise enough to solve it. When, therefore, it looked to the American people that they were asked to assume another burden of the same sort, with which to vex themselves and their posterity, and that too where the motive assigned was only philanthropic—where it was the welfare of one hundred and fifty thousand people in San Domingo and not of forty millions in the United States that we were invited to consider—they very naturally declined. To give the Dominicans the opportunity of "enjoying the fruits of their labor" seemed a motive entirely inadequate to the great step we were asked to take.

But if the enterprise had had other accompaniments than breaches of the Constitution, armed invasion of a people we were at peace with, orders by a Secretary of the Navy to destroy or capture the Haytian ships and to kill Haytian negroes, to protect Dominicans of the same race—and been rested upon a recital of the real and valid advantages that would result to the United States, and the people had been made to perceive their own welfare in the enterprise, as well as that of the Dominicans, then they might have viewed it with favor, and the island might now be our property.

If it had been clearly understood that the country was desirable in itself and of incalculable value to us commercially; that our possession of and control over it, together with its own resources, would have attracted immigration enough to give a stable government to the island; that a great city would soon grow up at Samana and the port be crowded with vessels, the picture would have been more attractive and truer than that presented.

Mr. Seward, while Secretary of State, seemed to have the acquisition of territory very much at heart. He negotiated a treaty with Denmark for the absolute purchase of St. Thomas and St. John, for \$7,500,000. It was part of the agreement that the contract should be ratified by a vote, not only of the people of Denmark, but of the islands also. They did vote and agreed to it, but the Senate refused to ratify the treaty, and so that effort fell through likewise. The events of the war should have taught the American government the value of St. Thomas. The port is free, and it was from it that Confederate cruisers and blockade-runners were enabled to do their work.

And though Cuba is the undisputed and undoubted property of Spain, and far the most valuable of all her colonies or possessions, and her title is recognized by all the world, yet it has been the subject of negotiation by the United States more than once, not with Spain, but other powers. Spain having descended from her position as a first-class power, and become embarrassed in her finances, it was thought and hoped by many she could be induced to sell Cuba to the United States. It was reported that Mr. Buchanan had made an offer of \$100,000,000 for it, but if so the evidence does not appear; yet the expectation and belief were so general among the European powers that the United States wanted Cuba very much, and would get it by some means whenever it could be done, that France and Great Britain jointly proposed to the United States that the three powers should enter into a convention, pledging themselves never to attempt to become the owners of the island. They went so far as actually to prepare the convention, reduce it to writing, and formally propose it. It consisted of a single article in these words, viz.:

"The high contracting parties hereby severally and collectively disclaim, both now and for hereafter, all intention to obtain possession of the island of Cuba; and they respectively bind themselves to discountenance all attempt to that effect on the part of any power or individuals whatever."

"The high contracting parties declare severally and collectively, that they will not obtain or maintain, for themselves or for any one of themselves, any exclusive control over the said island, nor assume nor exercise any dominion over the same."

This offer was of course declined by the United States, and it was on this occasion that Mr. Everett wrote his celebrated letter—a state paper certainly full of ability and patriotic impulse. He took the grounds that it was not competent to make a treaty which should be irrevocable and bind the country forever, and that the parties did not have an equal interest in the subject; that France and Great Britain were in fact proposing to surrender nothing, while the United States was asked to give away what might be of paramount importance to her. He says: "Cuba lies at our doors. It commands the approach to the Gulf of Mexico, which washes the shores of five of our States. It bars the entrance of that great river which drains half the North American continent; it keeps watch at the door-way of our intercourse with California by the Isthmus route. If an island like Cuba, belonging to the Spanish crown, guarded the entrance of the Thames and the Seine, and the United States should propose a convention like this to France and England, those powers would assuredly feel that the

disability assumed by ourselves was far less serious than that which we asked them to assume."

But the Secretary evidently thought that the day might come and would come when the United States would not only want Cuba, but would get it. After an historical sketch, in which he detailed the decline and loss both of Spain and France on the North American continent and the expansion of the United States, he said: "No word or deed of the President will ever question her title (the title of Spain) or shake her possession; but can it be expected to last very long? Can it resist this mighty current in the fortunes of the world? Is it desirable that it should do so? Can it be for the interest of Spain to cling to a possession that can only be maintained by a garrison of twenty-five or thirty thousand troops, a powerful naval force, and an annual expenditure for both arms of service of at least twelve millions of dollars? It would seem impossible for any one who reflects upon the events glanced at in this note to mistake the law of American growth and progress, or think it can be ultimately arrested by a convention like that proposed." He evidently was a believer in the manifest destiny of the United States, and expected that at some day and by some mode she would swell out of the bounds of the mainland, and spread herself over the islands near her.

The long-pent-up dissatisfaction of the Cuban people with Spanish rule at length found vent in a revolt, which was maintained so long and became so formidable as to induce the expectation that it would in the end be successful. And early in General Grant's first administration an incident occurred which gave our government a fair pretext for looking closely into the situation, and perhaps intervening in behalf of the revolutionists. The Spanish government contracted with ship-builders in this country for thirty gunboats, which it was generally believed were to be used in suppressing the rebellion. Senator Carpenter, of Wisconsin, who had become greatly interested in the fortunes of the "Cuban Patriots," offered this resolution in the Senate:

"Resolved, That in the opinion of the Senate, the thirty gunboats purchased or contracted for in the United States, by or on behalf of the government of Spain, to be employed against the revolted district of Cuba, should not be allowed to depart from the United States during the continuance of that rebellion."

Mr. Everett, in his letter, had referred to certain "domestic reasons"—meaning, of course, the existence of slavery—which prevented the President from deeming the acquisition of Cuba as desirable at that time. But the revolutionists had proclaimed a republic and formed a constitution, one of the articles of which abolished slavery. If, as President Grant thought,

helping a "down-trodden" race in Domingo was justification sufficient for annexing that island, surely it ought to afford a good reason for sustaining the new Republic in Cuba, when they proposed to do what we had just done—free the slaves summarily and forever. The point to be ascertained was, whether the state of things between Spain and the revolutionists really amounted to a state of war, and Mr. Carpenter's speech, which was very able, was partly directed to prove that it did. He held "that whenever civil administration is so far obstructed by a systematic revolt, that the laws cannot be enforced by civil officers, and the government is compelled to resort to the military power to maintain its authority, then a state of war exists," and he declared that there was abundant evidence to prove this to be the case in Cuba. But the gunboats, even while he was speaking, were floating the Spanish flag and were ready for the sea, so that his resolution, whatever might have been its fate if offered and acted upon sooner, was necessarily allowed to drop.

But though the President in his message had expressed the opinion that the revolution in Cuba had not attained such dimensions as would authorize any action on the part of our government, it is believed that he afterward obtained information which induced him to change his opinion. And it was understood that he sent a general officer of the army of high distinction to Cuba, to make a personal examination of the situation, in order that he might authentically understand it. It is further stated that the report of this officer was such as to cause a change of views on the part of the President, and induce him to think that the time for intervention in some form had come at last. But just then, according to reports, occurred a curious and accidental circumstance, which demonstrated that however much we might desire to further the cause of the Cuban patriots, we were without the ability or strength to do so.

A Spanish war vessel of great power and capacity came into the harbor of New York for repairs, and was put into the dock for the purpose. Crow-bars were driven behind her, and she would certainly be necessarily detained there for some time, and might easily be kept a prisoner. We did not have, it seems, very accurate information either about the condition or location of the Spanish navy, and it was thought that this ship was the one which stood guard over Cuba, and that her necessary absence would make the way to Cuba open and easy. But it was soon learned that she was one of a fleet, and that at that moment there were four others as powerful as she at Cuba. We had then, and have now, no vessels that could fight them, and so that project came to a speedy end, and not long after the Spaniards succeeded in suppressing the revolt.

The last chapter in these various attempts of our government to locate somewhere outside of mainland, if not the most important, is the most amusing. In the Southern hemisphere, eight or ten thousand miles distant from the United States, are found the Samoan Islands, nine in number. To most people, they would not seem to be of great value to us, but an enterprising and ambitious gentleman named Steinberger, thought otherwise, and so he applied to Mr. Fish, then Secretary of State, and obtained from him authority to proceed to the islands, make a report and see what could be done. Mr. Steinberger made a lengthy and minute report, in which he told everything about the islands. But the position as agent and representative of the United States did not satisfy his ambition; he caused himself to be installed as prime minister to one of the chiefs, and after that signed himself "Steinberger, Premier." As he represented both sides in the negotiations, it is not surprising that he put them in a form satisfactory at least to himself. He formed constitutions and promulgated codes both of civil and criminal law, and had everything his own way. Several of the kings wrote to the President, one of whom said:

"May it please your excellency to receive greetings from a native chieftain whose people are few and whose resources are less. We know that you are a great people, with many ships and many warriors, but that you are all united in peace; that you cultivate the soil, build great houses, make great roads, and talk to each other through the air."

Another writes, with something of a poetic touch: "Although we are not acquainted with each other and have not met face to face, nor talked with one another since the world was created, yet we write this letter in order that we may meet with one another."

Malietoa I. informs the President: "We have formed two houses, the House of Lords and the House of Commons." Some English emissary must have temporarily got ahead of Mr. Steinberger when this was done. But Mr. Steinberger, premier and diplomat, has not succeeded in effecting an alliance or making a treaty between Malietoa I. and the United States.

That the United States will some day be engaged in wars is certain. No nation ever has or ever will escape them. Those who rely upon our uninviolability by a land force, must recollect that when we do have a war with some foreign nation, it will not be on our own soil, but probably a very distant place—Central America seems the most probable spot—and that it will be a naval war and fought out on the ocean. Then we will see not the value only, but the necessity of colonies and navies.

John W. Johnston

CHAMPLAIN'S AMERICAN EXPERIENCES IN 1613

The early explorers of America did a marvelous amount of work in their days of strenuous living, and of many we fortunately possess complete and vivid histories. Champlain is one of these, and as he himself wrote his own commentaries, we have a finely-drawn, clearly cut alto-relievo portrait of him in all but autobiographical form. The end of the civil and religious wars which died out in France, with the sixteenth century, set numerous Frenchmen a-roving, and among the soldiers who had to change their manner of life was Quarter-master Samuel Champlain, who had been on the side of the king and the pope in the Brittany struggles. There was sea-water in his breed; his ancestors were fisher-folk, and his uncle a sea-captain, who was engaged to take the last of the Spanish troops out of France homeward, and Champlain, not wishing to be idle, accepted an invitation to go along. So we find him making maps of the head-lands and harbors they passed, both on the way to Cadiz and on a voyage he forthwith undertook to the Spanish Main and to Mexico, where he sketched the New World animals, trees, fruits, and aborigines, and, with his drawings, sent to the King of France a detailed account of his interesting travels. This was a little after the time when Shakespeare wrote the *Tempest*, but the description he gives of the Bermuda waters shows what the mariners in the small ships of those days thought of the weather there, and such a description as his might have inspired the poet. "Bermuda," he says, "is a mountainous island, the approach to which is dreadful on account of the surrounding dangers, for it is almost always raining there, and it thunders so often that it seems as if heaven and earth would meet. The ambient ocean is tempestuous in the extreme, and the waves run mountains high." Does not this conjure up for us Prospero and Ariel, and the "still vex'd Bermuethes?"

As this is not meant to be a life of Champlain, it is in order merely to say that Henry IV. gave him a pension, and that with other people he became associated in voyages to Canada, which Jacques Cartier had visited long years before. But Champlain had not only Cartier's dash, but a tenacity of purpose and a thoroughness in his way of doing things which were all his own. And in his several voyages he completely explored the coasts of New England, Nova Scotia, and Gaspé, helped to settle Port Royal (now Annapolis), actually founded Quebec and

Montreal, went up the Ottawa to the Lake of the Hurons or Fresh Water Sea, and ascended the Richelieu, to discover Lakes Champlain and George. He brought out clergy and established the Roman Catholic Church. He had, indeed, to surrender Quebec to the Kirks, and was carried, with others, away to England, but even there, during his five weeks' stay near the French Ambassador, I think it was he who laid the basis for the restitution of Canada to the French, which shortly followed—Charles II. giving it up so as to secure Queen Henrietta's overdue dowry—and he then went back with fuller power than ever, saw his infant colony well re-established, and died and was buried in the little city he loved so well.*

In quite early times, say in 1613, he had attempted even more; he commenced an enterprise not yet completed, though it may soon be accomplished, viz.: the establishing of a trade route between the Northern Ocean and the valley of the St. Lawrence. And of his attempt to reach the Hudson Bay by a land and river route, this paper is intended to give particulars.

His own writings must be the basis of the account, and as in this particular work he is especially lucid, there should be little difficulty in reconstructing the scene.

He commences with a picture of the way merchants over-reached themselves, and in his downright, old way he was no free-trader, but a monopolist. "They send their vessels into the ice," says he, "in the hope to be the first in the river; they secretly (as they think) bid against each other for furs and so give far more for them than necessary—thinking to forestall their competitors and getting cheated themselves." This he complained of because they were gathering the fruits of his labors, without contributing to the great costs and charges of building forts and warehouses at Quebec and elsewhere, and aiding him to make fresh discoveries for the glory and profit of France, or helping to bring the poor Indians to the knowledge of the Lord!

To remedy all this he succeeded in getting some sort of a patent of

* The *Relations* of the Jesuits are full of references to Champlain. In 1640, speaking of a Huron settlement, they say: "This was where the late M. de Champlain remained longest during his voyage to the inland sea, two and twenty years ago, and here his reputation is still a living memory in the minds of the wild races, who honor, after these many years, the numerous virtues they found him to possess, especially his chastity and continence. Would to God other early French travelers had been like him."

One dark spot appears to rest upon his noble, solid, unselfish character. He was the first to fire a shot in war in Canada. Raiding with Algonquin and Huron tribes, he sullied with Iroquois blood the shores of the lake to which by right of discovery he gave his name.

monopoly, and on the 5th of March, 1613, he and the *Sieur l'Ange* set sail off from France to make discoveries and to go a-fighting together if opportunity should occur.

A rapid passage enabled them to reach the Lachine Rapids on the 21st of May, and after explaining why he had not come out the year before as promised, he bought a couple of canoes, hired one Indian guide; and now begins the story proper.

Having only two canoes, he could take but four men, one of whom was Nicolas de Vignau, "the most impudent liar that had been heard of for a long time," who had lived with the Indians, knew their speech, and had been sent in previous years to spy out the country. This Vignau had returned to Paris in 1612, and told Champlain that he had seen the Northern Sea—that the Ottawa rose in a lake which had another outlet that way—and that in seventeen days you could go and return from Lachine to the Arctic Ocean. Not satisfied with this one enormous lie, he further said he had seen the wreckage of an English vessel which had been cast away there, from which eighty men had landed; that the Indians had killed them because they wished to take by force their maize and other provisions; that he had seen the heads of these English whom the Indians had scalped (as was their custom), and that they wished to show Champlain the scalps and to give him an English boy they had kept alive for the purpose.

Champlain seems to have had some doubts about the matter, for he says that though he was pleased at the prospect of finding so near what he had believed to be so far, he begged the man to tell the truth, for he was putting a rope round his neck if he was lying, though if he was telling the truth he might be sure of being well recompensed. But the fellow swore to it all and gave a written account of the country he had been through, so Champlain's doubts were dissipated, and he took the man to see Marshal de Brissac, President Jeannin, and other followers of the court; the rather because he understood that in 1610 and 11 the English under Hudson had passed through the straits in latitude 63°, and had wintered in 53°, and lost some vessels. So the dignitaries said he ought to go in person and see about it.

In going up the Ottawa nothing very remarkable happened for some days, but when they were fairly among the rapids of the Long Sapelt, "it was there," says our friend, "we had trouble. For we could not portage our craft because the woods were so dense, and the rapidity of the current so great; it makes a terrible noise and so much foam that you can't see the water, and it is so full of rocks and islets that we had to tow our craft, and I nearly lost my life as I was hauling mine along; it ran

cross-ways in a whirlpool, and if I had not been so lucky as to fall between two rocks it would have dragged me in, because I had not time to undo the line which was twisted round my hand and cut me badly so that I thought my hand was off. So I cried aloud to the Lord and began hauling in the canoe, which the eddy brought home, so I escaped and praised God and prayed for continued preservation." Of course, as he remarks, if the canoe had been lost, it would have been a poor lookout indeed! The rest of the party had similar troubles and similar escapes.

The account of the journey up the Ottawa—past the Gatineau and the Rideau, to Chaudière Falls—is so faithfully described that one can recognize every feature to this day, but all through they had a difficult journey, during which he remarked that De Vignau did not know much about the route, and was always saying there was no danger in the rapids, they must get over them.

The Indians, on the other hand said to De Vignau, "Are you tired of life?" and to Champlain, "You must not believe him," and they portaged as much as they could, though that was troublesome; and any one who has done any hard work of the kind can see Champlain sweating along, though he had "only three guns to carry and three paddles, and a great coat, and a few other trifles." Still he encouraged his folks, "who were even more heavily laden, and were more done up by the mosquitoes than by their burdens."

When they reached the Muskrat Lake, a little off the line of the Ottawa, but on the portage route, they found a chief named Nibachis, who wondered how ever they could have got up, and he gave them escort of four canoes to go and visit Tessoüat, a chief whom Champlain had met and made a friend of long before, whose people were the powerful and clever folks of Allumette Island—the island, as it was often called. On the way they admired the cemeteries of this people, in which the graves were marked by posts carved to resemble rudely the figure of the buried person. If it was a warrior, they represented it by a shield, a club, a bow and arrows hung on the post; if a chief, by a crest on his head and a string of beads or other ornaments; if a child, a bow and arrows; if a woman, a kettle, an earthen pot, a wooden spoon or a paddle. The body was enwrapped in the beaver skin robe or other furs, which the owner had in his life time, and they put all his accessories near it, such as axes, knives, kettles, and hooks, so as to be of use to him in the country he was going to, "for these people believed in the immortality of the soul."*

* It was on this voyage, shortly before reaching Nibachis' quarters, that Champlain lost his astrolabe. In 1867, on the old portage road to Muskrat Lake, Captain Overman's people found

Tessouât was as much pleased as surprised to see Champlain, and at once issued invitations for a smoke. So the next day they all had a repast in Tessouât's large dwelling—each guest bringing his own wooden plate and spoon—the viands being maize, crushed and boiled into a soup, with fish and meat cut into small pieces, no salt; also meat and fish cooked separately, which Tessouât distributed, himself eating nothing. Thirst was slaked by beautiful spring water. The feast over, all the young men left, to stay outside the door, while the rest filled their pipes, each in turn of

three drinking cups of silver, which fitted into each other; also a curious mathematical instrument of plate brass. This was given to Mr. R. S. Cassels, then of Ottawa, now of Toronto, who, recognizing its great value, sought out the silver cups, but unfortunately a day too late, for the peddler, who had bought them for a song, had found no one to sell them to, and had just melted them down, and showed Mr. Cassels the lump of silver; perhaps a dollar's worth. Seeing Mr. Cassels' gun with a crest engraved upon it, he said there was a "picture" on them just like that. If we only had these cups with the crest we should know positively whose they had been, but as we have not, we have to be content with Mr. A. T. Russell's inductive proof that the astrolabe and the cups were Champlain's. Champlain's books are full of observations of latitude. Now when he went by Muskrat Lake to avoid the furious rapids of the main river, he left the Ottawa at a place now called Gould's Landing, where he says, "*Ce lieu estoit par 46 2-3 de latitude.*" This is an error of a full degree, in addition to the usual error of the instrument, and is the last place where he says he took an observation. He says of the fort on Allumette Island, where he met Tessouât, that "*elle est par 47 degres de latitude,*" carrying forward the error of a degree. Had he his instrument still, the chances are, thousands to one, he would have detected the error in the previous observations, and Mr. Russell thinks this conclusive proof that he took no observation at Tessouât's place at all, though he had time, opportunity, and every inducement so to do.

As far as we here know there are but three astrolabes now existing in the world. These instruments consist of a graduated circle, in the center of which is a pivot, on which works a bar. Near the end of this bar are ridges of metal, with a nick in each, and when the instrument is suspended freely, with the bar pointing to the sun at noon so truly that the ray which passes through one nick also passes through the other, you have the latitude to within a little. The error of Champlain's astrolabe would not exceed one-third of a degree. The astrolabe was in use among the Arabians. It was no doubt used by the Phœnicians and the Akkad Chaldeans, for the late W. Smith, of the British Museum (and Assyrian fame) discovered a part of an astrolabe in the palace of Sennacherib about ten years ago. "It was seemingly," Mr. Russell says, "an instrument of superior character to Champlain's; its circumference was divided into twelve parts corresponding with the signs of the zodiac, the degrees in each marked with an inner circle, naming prominent stars." In the British Museum is also one other astrolabe, obtained from the wreck on the Irish coast of one of the ships of the Spanish Armada. Astrolabes were then new to Europe. One of the last works on them (I again quote Mr. Russell) is Clavin's *Treatise on Astrolabes*, Mayence, 1611. In 1631, Vernier published a pamphlet on the construction and use of the *New Quadrant of Mathematics*. In this is explained the nature and use of the Vernier scale (for reading subdivisions of degrees), and the new quadrant, with its vernier, soon thrust the astrolabe out of use. Meantime, during its short European career—short that is, compared to its long history among Tyrians, Carthaginians, Ethiopians, and others—it had been used by Vasco de Gama in discovering the way round the Cape of Good Hope, by Columbus in re-discovering the direct route to America, and a host of other great navigators and travelers, whose names will not die while our civilization lasts.

fering Champlain a whiff. They employed half an hour or more in this exercise, without saying a word. At last—

Champlain. I have come to testify my regard; my desire to assist you in your wars as I did before. I could not come last year because my King required me in other wars, but now I have a number of men at Montreal, and I have come to see the fertility of the country; also the lakes, rivers, and the ocean. And I want to see the nation which is six days' journey from this place; I mean the Nipissings, to invite them to war also, and I wish for four canoes and eight men of yours to take me there.

Tessoulat (after more smoking and whispered counsel among the Indians). We admit that you are better disposed toward us than any other Frenchman we have known. You have shown this in the past, and now again, by coming so far and through such great dangers to see us. We therefore regard you as one of us; but you did break your word last year, when two thousand Indians went to the Sault (Lachine) to meet you, with presents for you, and not finding you there, thought you were dead, and mourned. Moreover, the French who were there did not treat us well and refused to go with us on our foray, and we resolved not to go there again. This year, therefore, our folks went raiding on their own account. Twelve hundred have gone; so let us put off a joint expedition until next year.

As for the four canoes, you shall have them, but we do not favor your enterprise; you may have great hardships to meet; those people are sorcerers and have killed many of our folks by witchcraft and poison; as for war, it is useless to ask them; they are people of little courage.

Champlain (who only wanted to see and make friends with these people so as to get up to the Arctic Ocean). The portages and rapids cannot be worse than those I have passed. Their sorceries are powerless against me, for my God will preserve me. As for their herbs, I know them and shall not eat them.

As he was strolling through their gardens trying to kill time, observing their pumpkins, beans, and the new European peas they were beginning to grow, the interpreter, Thomas, told him that after he had left, the Indians had resolved not to furnish the canoes; that none would go with him, that they wished him to defer the journey until the year following, when they would give him a good convoy; for they had dreamed that if he were to go at once, he and his friends would die. So the following colloquy occurred:

Champlain. I have hitherto thought you truthful and honorable men, but now you show yourselves children and liars, and if you do not carry

out your promises, you will not be showing me good will; nevertheless, if it be inconvenient to give me four canoes, let me have two, with four of yourselves.

The Council. We refuse you because of the difficulty and number of the rapids, the ill-will of the tribes, and our fear that you will be lost.

Champlain. I would never have believed you could have showed me so little friendship. Why, I have a lad here (pointing to De Vignau) who has been to the country, and he saw none of the difficulties you speak about, nor did he find the people so ill-disposed.

Tessouat (after a long pause). Is it true, Nicolas, that you say you have been to the country of the Nipissings?

De Vignau (after a long silence). Yes; I have been there.

Tessouat (during a tumult in which they all threw themselves upon the man, as if they would cut him and tear him to pieces). You are a shameless liar, Nicolas! You know that you lay down beside me every night; you rose from beside me every morning. If you were among them, it must have been during sleep. How can you be so impudent as to tell your master lies, and so evil-minded as to wish him to risk his life among so many portages? You are a lost man; he ought to kill you more cruelly than we kill our enemies. I don't wonder now that he was so importunate, trusting your word as he did.

Champlain (to De Vignau). You must answer these folks; you must describe the country to them, so that I may believe you.

As De Vignau made no reply, Champlain took him aside, begged him to tell the truth, and promised that if he had seen the sea he would give him the stipulated reward; but if not, to say so and end all further trouble. To which with oaths he replied, affirming all he had said before, "which he would prove if they would only lend him canoes;" and the Indians resolved to send a canoe secretly to the Nipissings to inform them of Champlain's arrival, of which the interpreter told his chief. So in further council—

Champlain. I have dreamed that you are sending a canoe to the Nipissings, without telling me, which surprises me, because you know how much I wish to go myself.

The Chiefs. You offend us much because you trust a liar who wishes you to lose your life, more than so many brave chiefs who are your friends, and value it.

Champlain. Why, the man has been in the country, with a relative of Tessouat's, and has seen the ocean, and the wreck of an English vessel, and eighty heads the tribes there have, and a young English boy, a prisoner, whom they wish to give me!

The Chiefs. The sea? The ships? The heads of the English? The horrible liar! We will call him Liar from henceforth. Kill him, or make him say who was with him, what lakes and rivers he went by!

De Vignau (with effrontery). I forget the name of the Indian.

Champlain. He has told me the name twenty times, once no later than yesterday, and here is the map he gave me in which the particulars of the route are given. Thomas, translate this for the Indians.

The Indians cross-questioned the man about the map, etc., but he did not reply, "showing his wickedness by his silence." So Champlain retired for quiet thought. He reflected on the accounts given of Hudson's voyage, with which the account of this liar seemed to agree pretty fairly. That it was unlikely such a lad could have imagined the whole thing; that it was almost incredible he would have undertaken this journey had he not seen what he recounted; that it was perhaps ignorance which prevented him from replying to the Indians; that if the English account were true, the Northern Ocean could not be more than three hundred miles away, since we were in lat. 47 and long. 280 from Ferrol (not quite exact); that the difficulty of passing the rapids and the steepness of the mountains, full of snow, might be the reason these people knew nothing of the ocean; that they had always said, and repeated this every year, that it was but thirty-five or forty days' journey from the Hurons' country to the ocean, which they could visit by three routes, but that none had seen it except this liar, whose saying the road was so short had caused him much to rejoice.

Meanwhile they were getting ready the canoe and time was pressing, so Champlain called his man again.

Champlain. The time for dissimulation has passed. I am going to take the opportunity which is given me. Tell me truly, then, if you have seen what you report or not. I will forgive all the past and forget it, if you speak truly now. But if I go on and find it false, I will have you hanged, sure, without mercy, when I return.

De Vignau (throwing himself upon his knees). Pardon, pardon, then! All I said, whether in France or here, is false. I never saw the sea. I was never up beyond this village of Tessoûat's. I only told these lies so as to get back to Canada.

Champlain (beside himself with anger). I can't bear the sight of you. Get away! Thomas, finish questioning the man, and report to me.

Thomas (after a time). I think you should not go farther. The man thought you would be deterred by the difficulties, postpone the journey, and that he would none the less have his reward. He wishes to be left here, and will go and find the sea or die in the attempt.

All which was very unsatisfactory to Champlain, who had to tell the Indians (no pleasant task) that he had been deceived, and to endure their reproaches for the little faith he had placed in them. Don't you see, they said, he wanted you to be killed? Give him to us and he will tell no more lies, we promise you; and they all set at him—children, too—calling him "Liar," "Liar!" Most of all though, the loss of the year was regretted, and all its trials and dangers, and the extinction of hope to reach the sea that way. So on the 10th of June Champlain said adieu to Tessoüat, "that good old chief," with presents and promises to come again next season and help him with his wars.

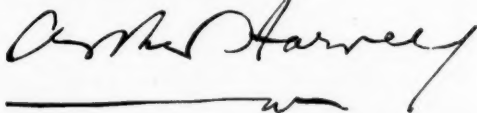
In his account of the return trip down the Ottawa, Champlain pauses (and we will pause a little with him), to give an account of the Indian superstitions clinging to the Chaudière Falls. In his succinct way he says that when the canoes had been portaged to the calm water below, one of the Indians handed round a wooden plate, each putting some tobacco in it for an offertory; which done, it was placed in the middle of the clustering band, who all danced around it, chanting after their own wild fashion. One of the chiefs then made a speech, declaring that thus they had done from of old, to be preserved from their enemies; after which he hurled the plate into the seething cauldron; they shouted all together, and went on their way with confidence. It was but a few hundred yards below that spot that the writer, with a number of friends, a great many years ago, on a fine summer afternoon, met to examine an Indian cemetery.

The ground was a pure sand, and there were, even then, dozens of tumuli marking the graves. We dug into one, and three feet below the surface, under a couple of flat stones, was the skeleton of the ancient brave. The body seemed to have been laid on its side, the knees drawn up to the breast, but it may have been buried sitting in a crouching posture. We found no relics, neither pipe nor arrow-head; the doctor of the party carried off the skull, and on my return I was asked by my wife what right I had to disturb the poor man's bones? I have never exhumed an Indian since, but have felt that the same respect is due to their remains as to those of people of a lighter skin. The spot where that cemetery was is now covered with huge saw mills and millions of feet of lumber, and the *ossa* of the old Indians have been shoveled into their great river, whose falls now light the capital of Canada with a thousand electric lamps, but memory recalls the lovely spot, as it was when the pine shrubs around it exhaled their spicy perfume in the warm summer weather, and the deep, black river rushed in front, its current flecked with the white foam-dribblets from the roaring cauldron of the falls above. And imagination carries me, as easily, two or

three centuries farther into the past, when the Red Men of the Woods were undisputed lords of the forest, field, and stream, when their various nations warred as boldly as your Servians and Bulgarians of to-day, and when, with faith as confident as that of Papist or Puritan, they offered to the Spirit of the Cataract and Rapid, with measured dance and cadenced song, their time-honored sacrifices.

Dark, sullen, morose, are the legends of the Indians. "Hush," said they to the Jesuit Father Albanel, when he was being paddled around a mountain cape in Mistassini Lake; "whisper low, for the spirit of the point will be angered, invoke his thunders, call up the storm-wind and the blinding glare of lightning, and we are all lost men!" "Have a care," said they, to Menard and his successors, on Lake Superior, "cast no refuse into the clear, calm lake, or the very fish, which are instinct with the spirits of the departed, will avoid your lines and you will starve! And the island you see there, Michipicaten, is alive—it moves, it seems now close, now far away, and now it disappears—nor dare one of us ever land on its enchanted shores." Yet was there some sweet poetry in their beliefs, and Friar Sagard tells of the boulder rock, hard by the Indian village of the Hurons on the well-beaten narrow track between it and the tribal cemetery, which stone the populace dared scarcely pass at night, or, if they did, they *heard* the spirits of departed lovers, sweeping past it on the trail, with a rushing sough, to hover round the dwelling of the ones from whom they had been parted by the *fiat*, which among Indians and white alike, is swift and fell.

Without any stirring adventures, the party reached Montreal in safety, and thence, by Tadousac, Champlain returned to France.

A handwritten signature in dark ink, reading "Arthur Harvey". The signature is written in a cursive style with a long, sweeping underline that extends to the right.

ROSE PARK, TORONTO, *January 6, 1886.*

GIRTY. THE WHITE INDIAN

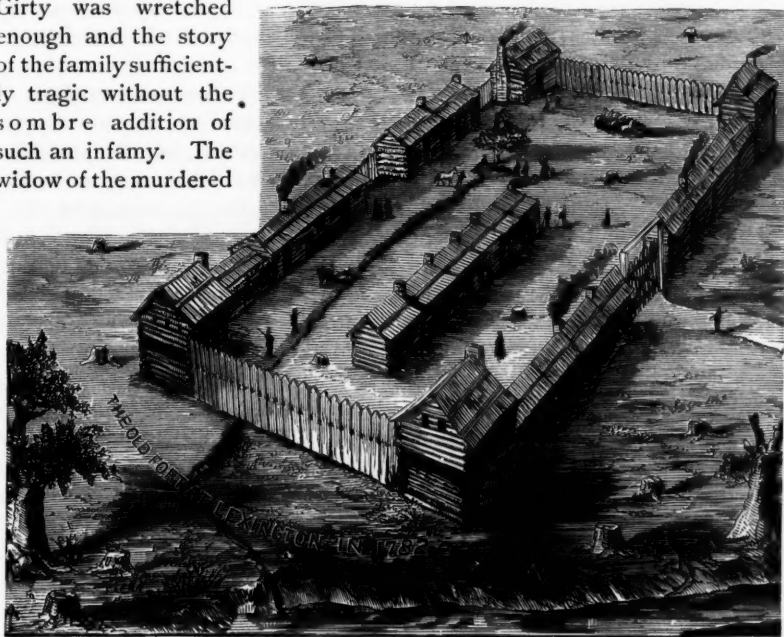
A STUDY IN EARLY WESTERN HISTORY

Though Simon Girty was one of the most unique and lurid characters that ever figured in the annals of the West ; though the part he played among the Indian tribes was frequently important and sometimes conspicuous, and though his life was a tragic romance from the cradle to the grave, yet all that was known of him for more than a hundred years from the time that he first made himself feared and hated was comprised in a few widely scattered fragments written entirely by his enemies and disfigured by errors and inconsistencies. Probably no minor personage in American history who has received as little attention as Girty has had more written of him in ignorance or been the subject of so many wild and conflicting statements. Even as late as 1883, a book, with an indorsing preface by a distinguished historian, was published, which gave as facts the fairy tales about Girty which, strange to say, have been accepted as authentic down to the present time. These very circumstances made the life of Girty attractive to the writer as an historical study, and interested him in an effort to draw out and straighten the thread of truth that has so long been knotted in this tangled skein.

The eventful story of the White Indian, which is here attempted for the first time, is mainly drawn from original sources, and needs neither the intense colorings of prejudice nor the embellishments of fancy to make it entertaining.

Simon Girty was born in 1744¹⁷⁴¹ at the then little backwoods settlement of Paxton, in the colony of Pennsylvania, and not far from the site of the present city of Harrisburg. His father, "old Girty of Paxtang," as he was irreverently called, a lawless, intemperate Irishman, immigrated to the colony about the year 1740, adopted the congenial pursuit of pack-horse driver in the Indian trade, married one Mary Newton, and made his home for a number of years at "Paxtang." Finding it profitable to exchange red paint, glass beads and bad whiskey for valuable furs and skins, he became a trader himself and fell into the clutches of the law as an unlicensed trafficker, and later on, in 1750, got himself into the same predicament again for appropriating certain unpurchased Indian lands on Sherman Creek, in the present Perry County, Pennsylvania. This last venture did not in-

crease his popularity with the red men, and shortly after it he was killed by an Indian named "The Fish" near his home on the Susquehanna, and not far from the land he had attempted to borrow. There is no doubt that "old Girty of Paxtang" was more of a sot than a saint, and that fact certainly did not increase his wife's affection for him, but the dramatic episode of her fall, and the assertion oft-repeated and now so ancient that her husband was slain by her paramour turns out to be a pure fabrication. Surely the life of Mary Girty was wretched enough and the story of the family sufficiently tragic without the sombre addition of such an infamy. The widow of the murdered



LEXINGTON A HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

man was left to battle with poverty and privations, and her four little sons, Simon, James, George and Thomas, looked helplessly out upon an unfriendly world with no inheritance but a love of liquor, with no memories but bitter ones, and with a future overshadowed by a relentless fate.

About the year 1755, just in time to share the sufferings and horrors of the French and Indian war, the widow Girty married John Turner, who was then living on the Juniata, not far from the protecting walls of Fort Granville, near the present Lewistown, and there at his rude cabin and

clearing, for a brief season, did the unfortunate family have such scant happiness as the war and a howling wilderness afforded. But more misery was impending. In the summer of 1756, not a year and a half after Mrs. Turner's marriage, and while she was rejoicing in the smiles and dimples of an infant son, the danger signal was suddenly heard and the family barely had time to rush into Fort Granville when it was attacked by a large number of French and Indians, who had evidently heard of the absence of the commandant of the fort, who had left it with all his men but a handful under Lieutenant Armstrong to guard some reapers in Sherman's valley. The fort was fired, Armstrong and one man had been killed, several others wounded and destruction was imminent, when the enemy offered quarter to the besieged if they would surrender, and John Turner, too desperate to wait for a formal acceptance of the offer, threw open the gates. Savage mercy followed. The fort was given up to the flames and the prisoners, already worn out, were driven by forced marches to Kittanning, an Indian town on the Alleghany, where Mary Newton became a widow for a second time and the climax of her sufferings was reached. The whole village turned out with whoops and yells of rejoicing to meet the victors, and the few grown male prisoners who had not already been tomahawked were summarily disposed of. John Turner was consigned to the stake before the eyes of his agonized family, and the carousing savages amused themselves by boring holes through his flesh with red-hot gun-barrels. Finally, when flames and torture had nearly done their work, the dying man was tomahawked by a little Indian boy who was lifted up in the arms of his admiring father for the purpose. If we will just here recall the fact that the Christian government of Pennsylvania was at this very date offering rewards in cash for the scalps of Indian men, women and children, we may form some idea of the spirit which prevailed during this desperate and vengeful struggle.

During this festive halt at Kittanning the surviving captives were parceled out among the representatives of the different tribes engaged in the expedition. Thomas and George Girty were assigned to the Delawares; Simon to the Senecas, and James Girty, his mother and her infant son John Turner were delivered over to the Shawanese. On the 8th of the following September, when Colonel Armstrong attacked and destroyed Kittanning, he recaptured Thomas Girty, who thus escaped the savage education in store for his brothers. He found a home near Fort Pitt, the site of the present Pittsburgh, where he resided ever after, and gave his name to Girty's Run in the same neighborhood. The fate of his singularly unfortunate mother has given rise to many romantic but conflicting tradi-

tions, and is still involved in obscurity. There is nothing to show that she ever escaped from the clutches of the dusky demons who must have seemed to her as special agents to work out the family doom. Her baby, the little John Turner, to whom she clung so frantically through many a heartrending scene, remained for years among the slayers of his father; but though longer in captivity than any of his family, he seems to have been the least affected by savage life, and, strange to say, when at last released he sought out his brother Thomas and lived with the whites to the end of his days.

Unheard of for years, the other captive brothers roamed, with their adopted tribes, the great North-western wilderness, and day by day their savage guardians sought to destroy within them every feeling and instinct of race and civilization. The Girty blood was naturally wild and lawless, and they succeeded only too well. In 1764, at the close of Pontiac's war, the able and gallant Bouquet of the British army accomplished that wholesale rescue of prisoners from the Indians so eloquently portrayed in the noted painting of Benjamin West, and the three Girty brothers were among the number. But they had now become indifferent to deliverance. They returned with Bouquet to Fort Pitt, but they returned with souls imbued with savage feelings and with natures perverted by savage education. They had been taught to love the destroyers of their parents, and charmed with the wild, free life of the forest and the prairie, they hated to their dying day the restraints and artificial habits of white society. It is even said that they returned to their tribes, but that the Indians were again compelled to give them up. They were for a time apparently weaned away from their adopted brethren, but they never even then fought against them, were always at ease in their company, and, as will be seen later on, ultimately took up the savage life again. Much of their time after their rescue was spent about Fort Pitt, and the then wild and wooded locality in that vicinity, which later received the name of Squirrel Hill, seems to have been one of their favorite haunts. It was there that their more fortunate brother Thomas and their long absent half-brother John Turner settled, and the early history of the hill teems with highly entertaining but confused and unreliable legends of the family.

The three white savages followed in a desultory way the pursuits which harmonized most with their restless and unsettled dispositions. James and George pursued for a while their father's old business of trading with the Indians, while Simon made a reputation as scout and interpreter. It was in this last capacity that he descended the Ohio with Lord Dunmore in 1774, during the Cresap war, and assisted the Governor at the treaty in-

terview at Camp Charlotte with that great-souled and magnificent Indian, Cornstalk, a fact which contradicts the wonderful and too thrilling story of his rage and treachery just before the battle of Point Pleasant. It was while he was with Dunmore that he became the friend and comrade of Simon Kenton, and made the acquaintance of Boone, Clark, Harrod and others who took part in the expedition and afterward figured in early Kentucky history. It was about this time, while the glowing spark of the American Revolution was being blindly fanned into a blaze, that Simon Girty fell under the malign influence of Conally, the Tory commandant of Fort Pitt, who finally brought down upon the unfortunate man the crowning curse of his already perverted life. The wily and talented commandant, deep in his plot to secure the Indians to the English, sweep the frontier settlements from existence, and decide the fortunes of the West in favor of the crown, was corrupting every man corruptible about the fort. Alexander McKee and Matthew Elliott, both of whom were destined to achieve an infamous notoriety, had not only themselves succumbed already to the power of British gold but were busy helping to seduce Girty also, and it is probable that the lieutenant's commission in the Virginia militia which was given him by Conally only a few weeks before the battle of Lexington, was presented with a view to secure him as a henchman. But the plot was discovered, Conally was arrested, the militia reorganized, and the tempted Girty relegated to his former and less brilliant position of interpreter. He was employed in that capacity during the most of 1776 by the Indian agent Colonel George Morgan, but he was restless and dissatisfied, and his conduct was such that he was discharged by his employer, "for ill behavior," in August of that year. It has been asserted by various authors that Girty was busy this year—1776—assisting the Indians against the Americans, and Abbott and Perkins both make him the leader of the savage attack on Fort Henry in the fall of 1777, when the Elizabeth Zane incident is said to have occurred, but both statements, though elaborated in a highly entertaining way, are utterly without foundation. He was still at Fort Pitt at the times mentioned, but in no very amiable mood. Corrupted by Conally, disappointed in his military hopes, sore over his discharge, and too much of an Indian to be moved by the feelings and principles then stirring the patriotic garrison, but little was needed to induce him to cast his lot with the people of his adoption and their powerful employers.

Early in 1778, while the American General Hand was commanding at Fort Pitt, where Girty was once more acting as interpreter, it became plainly evident to all its inmates that the fiercest of the North-western tribes had united against the Americans and that the whole frontier would be in-

volved in savage warfare. All the Indian in Girty impelled him to side with the dusky companions of his forest life, and when at this dangerous crisis he was again approached with specious arguments and seductive promises by Elliot and McKee, who had been for months in the secret pay of the British commander at Detroit, the untaught creature, with the face of a white man and the heart of an Indian, and with no feeling of loyalty to any flag either English or American, threw in his lot with the savages and their allies. On the night of the 28th of March, 1778, three or four years later than some writers claim, this now notorious trio together with seven soldiers fled from the long familiar walls of Fort Pitt and severed their connection with their country forever. The date of their departure and the attendant circumstances are established beyond question by the official records of Major Isaac Craig, now in the hands of his grandson the accurate and accomplished Isaac Craig, Esq., of Alleghany, Pennsylvania. Major Craig, in command of artillery, was ordered to Fort Pitt during the Revolution and remained there until the close of the war. Girty soon put in an appearance at Detroit, where he was warmly welcomed by the English commandant Hamilton, whom that great soldier, Clarke, stigmatized as "the hair-buyer general." Girty's skill as a woodsman and scout, his knowledge of the Indian languages, his proficiency in all the savage arts, but above all his influence with his dusky kinsmen, made him exceedingly valuable to the English, who needed his services in advancing their interests among the North-western tribes. A few weeks before Simon's flight his brother James had been sent from Fort Pitt with presents and mollifying messages to the Shawnees, who were boiling over with righteous wrath at the cowardly murder of Cornstalk and his son. He heard the news of Simon's flight while on this mission, renewed at once his kinship with his ancient tribe and returned to Fort Pitt no more. The following year his brother George, the only one of the three regularly enlisted in the Continental army, renewed for life his connection with the people of his choice. Simon, or "Katepacomen," as the Indians called him, now allied himself with the Wyandots, "the bravest of the tribes," with whom he was more or less identified until the day of his death. They had known him ever since his childhood, and they received him now as an adopted Indian, and he soon became one of their most trusted and efficient leaders, a fact which of itself did no little toward making his voice so potent in the councils of the North-western tribes. Much of his time during the Revolution was spent within the present boundary of the State of Ohio, his favorite haunt being the Wyandotte town of Upper Sandusky, which was located about four miles north-east of the Upper Sandusky of to-day. Here the British paid

their savage allies of the West their annuities, and here Girty helped to plan and direct many of the blows that were aimed at the frontier settlements.

It was while Girty was in the Ohio country, and in the fall of the same year that he fled from Fort Pitt, that the most creditable act of his life took place. The Indians who were then constantly on the war-path brought home many captives, and among them the redoubtable Simon Kenton, whom they had taken to Wapakoneta and had already doomed to the stake, when he was recognized by Girty with astonishment and delight as his old comrade of the Dunmore expedition. At once and at the risk of destroying both his standing and influence among his inflamed and suspicious people, Girty exerted himself to the utmost to save him, and at length, after the most earnest and impassioned speeches, the power of which is attested by the effect it had upon a crowded council of prejudiced and revengeful savages, he succeeded, and taking the rejoicing Kenton to his own cabin, he fed him, clothed him and dressed his neglected wounds. White Indian as he was and renegade, if such he can strictly be called, he exhibited on this occasion at least a generosity and nobility of soul which would have done credit to a more enlightened and more civilized character. The British, however, soon made use of him to perpetrate acts the very reverse of this one, and not very long after the Kenton incident he made his first appearance in the character of an emissary among the Moravian Indians with his evil advisers Elliott and McKee, and with them sought to instigate that peaceful community to join in the war against the Americans. He is first heard of in a military capacity in January, 1779, when as the leader of a band of savages he attacked and defeated a party of Continental soldiers under Captain John Clarke not far from his old familiar haunt, Fort Pitt. The following summer, when Colonel Bowman was engaged in his attack on old Chillicothe, Girty was back in Ohio, and the report that he was advancing with a hundred warriors to the relief of that place may have had something to do with Bowman's strange and sudden order for the retreat of the expedition. *Bird*

The Girty brothers accompanied Colonel Byrd when he invaded Kentucky in 1780, and it was when the force was returning to the Indian country that one of its detachments, commanded, it is alleged, by Simon Girty, defeated Colonel David Rogers at the mouth of the Licking as he was conveying a load of ammunition up the Ohio for the Americans at Fort Pitt. This victory, though not remarkable for the number of men concerned, was one of the most complete and crushing of the minor engagements of the struggle, and must have convinced the Indians that their white brother

was a brave of more than ordinary military capacity, for when Clarke retaliated on the Pickaway towns immediately after Byrd's unexplained retreat Girty was given no insignificant part in the conflict, though it is claimed that on one occasion the reckless bravery of the Kentuckians caused him to draw off his savages with the remark that "it was useless to fight fools and madmen." George Girty, the only one of the Girty brothers who, contrary to the popular impression, ever actually deserted from the American army, was duly heard from in the summer of 1781. General Irvine, then in command of Fort Pitt, records the fact that a band of Indians under this loyal savage and the noted Brandt attacked on the 24th of August and below the mouth of the Great Miami a force of volunteers on their way to join Clarke, and killed or captured every man in the expedition.

Both the date and the facts of the second demonstration against Fort Henry, which occurred very early in September, 1781, have been badly mixed by different writers, but it is quite evident that the Girtys participated in the siege, which failed through timely notice given the settlers by the Moravian missionaries—a fact which caused the disappointed Wyandots to turn 'round upon the buffeted and badgered Christian Indians, located about the site of the present Coshocton on the Muskingum, and break up their settlements. Girty took part in the brutality of his tribe, and though according to Heckewelder, a most authentic witness, "Elliott was the principal instigator of their sufferings," Girty also made himself conspicuous as a raging persecutor of the missionaries and their unresisting converts. His outrageous conduct at this time is attributed to drink—an overwhelming inherited passion. "No Indian we ever saw drunk," says Heckewelder, "would have been a match for him." But at this stage of the game in the West there was but little choice between the mercy of an Indian and the compassion of a white man, and deeds of cruelty were not confined to one side only. The spring of 1782, the last year of the Revolution, had barely come when Captain David Williamson and a party of American frontiersmen, as if bent upon surpassing the inhumanity of Girty and the Wyandots, also pounced down upon the defenceless Moravian Indians and murdered in the most cowardly and cold-blooded manner about a hundred of their men, women and children. The victims were deliberately slaughtered like so many unresisting cattle, their bodies burned in one of their own churches, and their property carried off to the settlements. It was a deed as infamous as any ever committed by the fanatical Sepoy or "the unutterable Turk," and was doubly atrocious from the fact that the murdered people had befriended the Americans. The Indians,

though they felt free themselves to worry and abuse this little band of their own people, resented this massacre as a deadly insult and outrage upon their whole race. They never forgot it, they never forgave it, and there was no mercy in store for any man who had part or lot in the matter. Howe, in his *Historical Collections*, says that even as late as eight years after the affair a settler captured near Wheeling was killed by the Indians for having been concerned in that awful crime. About the same time that Williamson murdered the Moravians occurred the celebrated defeat of Estill by the Wyandots, two events that aroused the worst passions of both sides to the highest pitch. The settlers proceeded at once to organize the ill-fated expedition of Crawford, with the declared intention of exterminating the Wyandots and Delawares of the Sandusky root and branch. No quarter was to be asked or given, no prisoners were to be taken, every Indian, be he friend or foe, was to die. The savages heard of this determination and met it with a resolution as merciless as it was inflexible. The tragic story of the Crawford expedition is well known. In June, 1782, with the murderer Williamson second in command and accompanied by a number of others who had participated in the Moravian massacre, he marched upon the Sandusky towns, failed disastrously, and fell with many of his troops into the hands of the Indians, whose hearts were burning with ferocity and the thirst for vengeance. The guilty Williamson, who so well merited death, unfortunately escaped, but Crawford was doomed. He was burned at the stake, on the 11th of June, near Upper Sandusky, in the present Wyandot County, Ohio, after prolonged and horrible sufferings from all the tortures that savage ingenuity could invent. Simon Girty, who had been a prominent leader in the conflict, and who witnessed this terrible scene, had known Crawford during the Dunmore war; had often enjoyed his hospitality, and, tradition says, had even formed a romantic attachment for his daughter. "It is therefore easy to believe that the blackest thing that has ever been alleged against him is that he not only did not save the tortured and slowly-dying colonel, but answered him with a mocking laugh when he begged him to shoot him and relieve him of his agony." It is said that even the devil is not as black as he is painted, and it is possible that the same may be said of Girty. Exactly how far his savage and perverted nature carried him on this occasion will never probably be accurately known, but the commonest principles of justice require that some things that are known should be stated. It should be remembered right at the beginning that Crawford was a prisoner of the Delawares, and that they only could therefore decide his fate; and that he was burnt at a Delaware town and in retaliation for an outrage upon Delawares, for

the Moravians were of that tribe. The statement printed time and again that the ill-fated colonel was burnt by Girty's tribe, the Wyandots, betrays a gross ignorance, both of the transaction itself, and of the customs peculiar to the different tribes of that day. The writer was not surprised therefore that a Canadian descendant of Wyandot Indians, with whom he corresponded, should energetically protest that his ancestral tribe did not at that time, if ever, burn prisoners of war. Regarded simply from a tribal stand-point, Girty had no authority whatever to release Crawford. As to the influence which he might have exerted in favor of the condemned man, that is another matter, for he was certainly a person of no little power and importance among the Indians at that time. Dr. Knight, who was captured with Crawford and witnessed his tortures, and who has long been accepted as a most reliable authority on this subject, while he says that Girty refused the prayer of the tortured man to shoot him and "by all his gestures seemed delighted at the horrid scene," does not make him in any way an assistant at it. On the contrary, he even asserts that Crawford said to him: "Girty has promised to do all in his power for me, but the Indians are very much inflamed against us." An examination of the principal authorities on this subject will convince any unprejudiced person that Girty was true to his promise to Crawford, but that he was utterly powerless to save him. Heckewelder, who certainly had not one spark of love for Girty, and whose testimony is unimpeachable, says of Crawford: "It was not in the power of any man, or even body of men, to save his life." Wingemund, a Delaware chief, when appealed to by Crawford, replied: "If Williamson had been taken you might have been saved, but, as it is, no man would dare to interfere in your behalf; the King of England, if he were to come in person, could not save you; we have to learn barbarities from you white people." (See Howe, 547.) If the statements of the savage but brave and manly Wyandots are to be believed, Girty did not forget the sacred obligations of accepted hospitality, but remembered old ties in Crawford's case as he did in Kenton's. (McCutcheon, who claims to have obtained his information from Wyandots, says, in the *American Pioneer*, that Girty tried to save Crawford at the only time when it was possible to do it, viz., the night before his capture. That he went to him in Indian dress, and, under a flag of truce, warned him that he would be surrounded that night, and told him how he might escape; that Crawford tried to act on his advice, but that his men were too much demoralized to carry out the plan.) After saying this, McCutcheon strangely adds that afterward, as a matter of speculation, Girty offered the Delaware war-chief, Pipe, three hundred and fifty dollars for Crawford, but was himself

threatened with the stake for his interference; that he was afraid after that to show the sympathy he felt for the doomed man, but sent runners, however, to Lower Sandusky, to traders there, to hasten to buy Crawford, but that he was fatally burned by the time they arrived. The latest contribution to this subject is from the venerable Mrs. McCormick, of Pelee Island, now in her ninety-sixth year, and it is doubly interesting from the fact that she was not only personally acquainted with Simon Girty, but received her information directly from her mother-in-law, who was captured by the Ohio Indians when she was about grown, and was at the Delaware town when Crawford was burnt. Mrs. McCormick kindly sent the writer the following statement, often repeated to her by her mother-in-law, in recounting the incidents of her captivity. She says: "I have often heard my mother-in-law speak of Simon Girty. She both saw and heard him interceding with the Indian chief for the life of Colonel Crawford, and he offered the chief a beautiful horse which he had with him, and the stock of goods he then had on hand, if he would release him, but the chief said 'No! If you were to stand in his place it would not save him.' She also went to see Colonel Crawford, and talked with him, and he told her that Girty had done all he could to save his life." This was no Kenton case. Crawford had invaded the Indian country with the declared intention of granting no quarter, and, what was even worse in the eyes of the infuriated savages, his intimate associate and right-hand man was the guilty Williamson. Crawford was burnt by the Delawares in retaliation for the wanton and cowardly massacre of their Moravian kindred, and there was no hope for him from the moment of his capture. Authorities differ as to the motives which actuated Girty's conduct toward Crawford, but close inquiry renders positive the declaration that Girty was not only powerless to save him, but that he would have endangered his own life if he had persisted in an open effort to do so.

It was during the days immediately following Crawford's defeat that James and George Girty so greatly increased their unsavory reputations by their brutal treatment of Slover and other captives, and more than one writer expresses the opinion that much of the odium now resting upon Simon Girty is due to the fact that many of the cruel acts of these brothers were either ignorantly or intentionally placed to his credit. The power of circumstances and education to affect the lives and conduct of men is here strikingly exemplified. Thomas Girty, reared among patriotic and civilizing influences, was now one of the respected and substantial citizens of Pittsburgh (Fort Pitt), and at the very time his three Indian brothers were joining in the war-whoop of the braves as they gathered for the destruc-

tion of Crawford's command, he was known as a lover of his country and was seeking to increase the security and good order of his town.

Elated by their victory over Crawford and spurred on by rumors of a peace which would leave the choicest of their hunting-grounds forever in the possession of their enemies, the Indians were eager to make a crowning effort for the recovery of Kentucky, and early in August of this year, 1782, a grand council of the North-western tribes was held at Chillicothe to decide the question of invasion. Simon Girty, who was now one of the most trusted and devoted of the Indian leaders, was the foremost figure at this meeting, and is credited by Bradford with having made the decisive speech of the occasion. Nearly six feet tall, straight, strong and broad-chested, with massive head and big black eyes, deeply bronzed by exposure, dressed in savage fashion and adorned with paint, feathers, and all the war trappings of his tribe, he looked every inch the Indian leader that circumstances and his peculiar talents had made him. To the assembled chiefs his words were the words of Katepacomen, their adopted brother, who was as faithful to them as the panther to her cubs; whose tent-poles had been strung with the scalps of their enemies, whose cunning was that of the fox and whose heart had never failed him in time of battle. In his speech, which aroused the warriors to the highest pitch of excitement, he depicted the ruin the whites were making of their favorite hunting-ground, urged an immediate blow for its recovery, and then with significant flourishes of his tomahawk he closed his impassioned words by a fiery call for the extermination of their enemies, which was answered by a wild and unanimous yell of approval. The council promptly declared for invasion. Girty was chosen the leader of the savage army of nearly six hundred warriors, and Bryant's and Lexington stations, which were only five miles apart, were marked as the first in order of destruction. By the middle of the month the dusky horde, after a swift and stealthy march, reached the center of the wilderness now so widely known as "the Blue Grass Region of Kentucky," and on the night of the 14th of August silently settled around famous Bryant's Station, which they had expected would fall at once into their hands through the absence of its usual male defenders. With admirable skill the wily Girty had maneuvered to draw them out to the relief of Hoy's Station, which he had caused to be threatened several days before for that very purpose, and the pioneers, completely deceived by the device, were busy with preparations for a march by sunrise, when he arrived fortunately for them a few hours before their intended departure. The deceiver was himself deceived. Mistaking the bustle and the lights within the fort to mean that his presence had been discovered, Girty ordered a premature at-

tack, which revealed to the unsuspecting and astounded garrison the imminence of its danger and ultimately resulted in the failure of its enemies. The gallant charge of the men of Lexington through the Indian lines and into the beleaguered fort; the heroic exploit of the women who marched into the jaws of death to get water for the garrison, and the successful defense of Bryant's Station are now too celebrated in story and in song to need another telling. At this siege Girty displayed his usual courage. He led on the Indians when they stormed the palisades, and in a close encounter with a Lexington rifleman barely escaped with his life. His parley with the garrison, however, when he tried to negotiate a surrender, resulted only in his mortification and the taunt of the fearless Reynolds that "they knew him, and he himself had a worthless dog that looked so much like him that he called him Simon Girty," must have convinced the White Indian how greatly he was detested by the pioneers. The alarm had now gone forth, the rescue was sounded and the siege was abandoned. Girty's plan, so admirably conceived, so well conducted and so nearly realized, failed, but in the very face of defeat and while the brave hunters of Kentucky were gathering and marching against him, beset by difficulties but undiscouraged, he formed a scheme still deeper and more dangerous to his foes. He retreated, but it was a subtle and seductive retreat, which lured the small but dauntless band of his pursuers to the fatal hills and deadly ravines of the Blue Licks, where the advice of the sagacious Boone was disregarded, and where, on the 19th of August, 1782, the Indians struck a blow that sent horror and grief to every cabin in the wilderness of Kentucky and invested the name of a barren and rugged spot of earth with a sad and sanguinary immortality. The criminal rashness of McGary, the precipitate crossing of the fatal ford, the unequal struggle, the desperate heroism of the pioneers and the sickening slaughter of the flower of Kentucky's soldiery, constitute one of the most familiar and interesting episodes of Western history; but the part played in it by the principal actor, Girty, has for some reason been substantially ignored by the writers who have treated the event during the entire century that has elapsed since its occurrence. The borderers of 1782, exasperated at Estill's defeat, inflamed by the burning of Crawford and lashed into a fury of mortification and grief over this last and great disaster, were in no mood to admit the ability of the man they hated and despised as a renegade. The disaster was charged entirely to the recklessness of the hot-headed McGary and the odious Girty was treated with silent contempt. The example thus set seems to have been followed by all the Western chroniclers since that day. But viewing now the cold facts with eyes undimmed by either prejudice or

passion, it becomes evident that the soldiery of Girty had more to do with the defeat of the gallant pioneers than the rashness of McGary, which dramatic incident has not gone unchallenged from the fact that Boone makes no mention of it whatever in his letter to the Governor of Virginia, written only a few days after the battle. The man who led on, entrapped, outgeneraled and overwhelmed such able and wary leaders as Boone, Todd and Harlin may be scorned as a renegade but not as a military chieftain. It does but little honor to the memory of the brave who battled at the Blue Licks to assert that they were beaten by a creature who had neither character nor brains.

How great was the alarm of the settlers, even after Girty had retired beyond the Ohio, may be inferred from the above-mentioned letter of Boone, in which he urges the Governor of Virginia to send troops to aid in the defense of Fayette County, in which the two greatly exposed stations, Bryant's and Lexington, were located. He declares: "If the Indians bring another campaign into our country this fall, it will break up these settlements." Girty was now by far the most prominent and influential leader among the Ohio Indians, and was dreaming of still greater military achievements, when fortunately for the distressed and weakened pioneers his career as a soldier was checked for a while by the close of the War of Independence, but not before he had, according to Bradford, made a narrow escape from the swiftly-moving forces of George Rogers Clarke, "the Napoleon of the West," who pursued him to the valley of the Miami. The autumn, so dreaded by Boone, instead of bringing Indians, brought the glad tidings of the cessation of hostilities, an event which crushed all the hopes of the savages of ever recovering Kentucky—hopes which seemed just after their great victory at the Blue Licks to be on the very verge of a glorious realization. Girty learned with disgust of the return of peace while at the head of an Indian force operating about Fort Pitt, and the news, strange to say, was first made known to him by the salutes of rejoicing fired from the very fort that he had shamelessly abandoned, and whose downfall he had so confidently predicted.

The great struggle in which the savages had been so actively engaged was now over, and Girty, resigning for a season the ambitions of military life, betook himself again to his old desultory occupations of trader, hunter and interpreter. It was during the, to him, monotonous calm of the first year after the war, 1783, that he secured a white wife by marrying Catharine Malotte, a young lady about half as old as himself, and reputed to have been at that time the beauty of Detroit. There is an air of romance even about his marriage. His wife, like himself, had been a victim of a

border tragedy and a prisoner among the Indians. A party of settlers, including her own family, while descending the Ohio in a flat-boat, seeking new homes in the wilds of Kentucky, were fired into by a band of Shawanese, who seized the boat, killed several of the party, and carried into a miserable captivity all the survivors, including the then young girl, Catharine Malotte. She was released through the interposition of Girty. Gratitude paved the way for love, and when her deliverer returned from the war as the victor of the Blue Licks, she turned away from her red-coated and more civilized admirers of the British post, and accepted their strange and notorious white savage confederate. About two years after his marriage, 1785, Girty did an act of kindness, as singular as it was unexpected, and the motive for which has never been clearly explained. According to Colonel Thomas Marshall, he posted his brother, James Girty, who was himself a thorough savage, on the northern bank of the Ohio, near the mouth of the Kanawha, to warn immigrants traveling by boat of the danger of being decoyed ashore by the Indians. McClung says that this timely notice was of service to many families, and that those who did not heed it suffered. It is asserted that Girty did this to curry favor with the Americans, and to help pave the way for his return to the people he had abandoned, but nothing has been produced to support this opinion. His conduct otherwise did not indicate it. The Indians at this time, and for years after, were constantly aggravated by the encroachments of the whites upon their North-western lands, and certainly Girty did his best to fan the increasing flame, which finally resulted in Harmar's campaign of 1790. The very name of the White Indian seemed an omen of evil to the pioneers, for it was at "Girty's Town," now St. Mary's, Ohio, that Hardin was defeated in this same campaign.

Hostilities between the Americans and Indians continued, and, Girty's services being in demand, he was once more in his element. In February, 1791, at the head of a large force of savages, he attacked and besieged Dunlap's Station on the Great Miami, but he failed as he did at Bryant's, after trying by every device of skill and terror to induce the brave and determined garrison to surrender. It was at this place that Abner Hunt met his death, but exactly how will probably never be known. O. M. Spencer, who was captured by the Indians about this time, and while he was yet a child, says in his *Captivity*, that Hunt was burned and tortured to death by Girty's Indians. Judge Burnet, in his well-known and valuable *Notes*, makes no mention whatever of the burning, but says: "Mr. Hunt was killed before he could reach the fort." Spencer is remarkable for his exuberant imagination. He pictures Girty as a regular Ital-

ian assassin of the Borgia period, with the regular stage "make-up," scowl and all, but unfortunately betrays himself by giving Girty a flat nose. He evidently dressed up his character to suit the popular demand. "George and James Girty were as completely identified with the Indians all this time as if they had been actually born savages. They lived with them, fought with them, and apparently wanted no other society, and did all they could to make Indians out of the white children they frequently captured." They participated in the attack on Dunlap's Station, and each took an Indian's part in the struggle then in progress.

Simon Girty figured in the terrible defeat of the brave but unfortunate St. Clair, November 4, 1791, and was evidently a personage of some importance, but owing to the fact that the Indian side of the story of these early and bloody days is not recorded, the part he took is not clear. He is said to have received a saber-cut in this battle, but Spencer, who saw no bravery in him, and who calls him "a murderous renegade and villain of diabolic invention," says that "he was informed," while he was a badly scared child captive, "that the wound was made by the celebrated Brandt while he and Girty were engaged in a drunken frolic." That Girty could get as drunk as a lord and display all the brute that was in him when he was drunk there is no manner of doubt, but his daring character and his contempt for danger are sufficiently established to refute the imputation of cowardice. It is said that on one occasion, while engaged in a violent quarrel with a Shawanese, the Indian questioned his courage. Savage-like Girty sought satisfaction at once, and got it. Securing a keg of powder he instantly knocked it in the head, snatched a blazing fagot from the camp fire, and then, in the presence of a crowd of dusky spectators, called on the Shawanese to stand by him while he waved the sparkling torch above the powder. But the taunting Indian decamped amid the derisive laughter and yells of the Indians.

An incident which is thought to have occurred shortly after St. Clair's defeat, and which is given on British authority, indicates that Girty shared the feelings of his tribe against the horrible practice of burning prisoners. Several captives who had been taken during the recent battle, by some of the Indian allies, were condemned to the stake, and, in spite of every influence that Girty could bring to bear, the fatal fires were kindled to the delight of the assembled multitude of drunken braves, screeching squaws and capering children of all ages. Among the prisoners was an American officer, in whose behalf Girty especially exerted himself, but without effect. Finally, when his doom seemed inevitable, Girty, who was always fertile in expedients, seized a favorable moment when unobserved and dropped him

a significant hint. The officer, very fortunately, instantly comprehended it, and, as he was being taken to the stake, he suddenly snatched a papoose from the arms of a squaw and threw it toward the flames where another prisoner was burning. The wildest excitement instantly ensued; men, women and children fell over each other in the simultaneous rush that was made to save the baby. The child was rescued, but, in the midst of the frantic and indescribable confusion, the officer made good his escape. To his credit be it said, that he never forgot his deliverer, and, as will be seen further on, did his best to prove his gratitude in 1812 when the fortunes of war brought trouble to Girty.

During the years 1792-3, when the Federal Government through commissioners was seeking to establish a permanent peace with the Northwestern tribes, Girty was conspicuous as the adviser and interpreter of the Indians. He counseled them with all the earnestness of a natural-born savage to resist every effort of the Americans to acquire their lands north of the Ohio, and his voice seems to have been as potent with them as ever. In fact, he is said to have been the only man with a white skin allowed to be present at the most important private consultations of the red men. Girty and his Wyandots were found arrayed against the Americans in the campaign of 1794, and they took part in the desperate attack on Fort Recovery on the 30th of June, and were present at the battle of Fallen Timber on the 20th of the following August, when old Mad Anthony Wayne visited such a crushing defeat upon the brave but fated savages. Girty was now getting on in years, and when the treaty of Greenville, in the summer of 1795, closed the old Indian wars of the West and brought his hunting-grounds and his adopted kinsmen under the authority of the people he had fought so long and hated so cordially, the battle-scarred warrior, disappointed, disgusted and furious, abandoned forever his old home on the St. Mary's and followed the retiring British to Detroit. He was there in July, 1796, when the English gave up to the United States this the last of the military posts they held in the North-west, and the advancing troops of Wayne felt sure that now at last the daring and notorious White Indian would fall into their clutches. But the wily old fox scented the danger just in time, and desperately determined to risk the chance of drowning to capture by his enemies, he boldly plunged his horse into the Detroit River as the soldiers came in sight, fought his way successfully through the sweeping current to the Canada shore, and there, with the water streaming from his clothing but still seated firmly upon his panting horse, he shook his fist at his baffled pursuers and poured out upon them and the United States Government a torrent of the wildest and most savage curses.

Driven at last from American soil, Girty found a refuge at Fort Malden, a post which had been established by the British on the east side of Detroit River, on the Canadian frontier just before the evacuation of Detroit, and distant only fifteen miles from that stockaded village so famous in the annals of Indian warfare. Fort Malden commanded the entrance to Detroit River and from its walls the red-coated sentinel could look for many a mile up the stream which separated him from the territory of the new Republic, and turning, view the beautiful waters of Lake Erie spreading out before him as far as the eye could reach. The ground once occupied by this defense is now the property of Hon. John McLeod, ex-member of the Canadian Parliament. A platform of elevated earth cast up in the long ago by the veterans of George III., and the stump of the flag-staff that once surmounted it, are now the only remains of the fort from whence issued the invading forces which brought death and disaster to the American soldiers of the war of 1812. The very name "Malden" has almost disappeared from the maps, and its successor, "Amherstburg," now designates the picturesque spot in the County of Essex, Upper Canada, where once the royal stronghold stood. But the Malden of 1796 which Girty sought, though but an outpost of the wilderness frontier, was busy enough just then, surrounded as it was by hundreds of hungry refugee Indians from the war-desolated North-west, who were clamoring for aid and comfort from their British employers. Here he found many warriors of his own tribe preparing to settle on lands granted them as allies of the crown, and here safely ensconced were Elliott and McKee, his corrupters of Fort Pitt and his boon companions for twenty years. They had found it convenient to be among the earliest arrivals. These educated white mercenaries grew rich from the fruits of their treason, while the illiterate Girty, Indian-like, waxed poorer and poorer. It was well said lately to the writer by a scholarly correspondent who owns original papers bearing upon the Girty case, that "Girty was terribly punished for his conduct, whilst men who deserved it more escaped almost unscathed." As this society (about Malden), Indians, refugees and British, was the most home-like Girty could expect to find, the soil fertile, the region sufficiently wild and abounding with game and no war promising immediate excitement, he settled with his family on a piece of land at the head of Lake Erie and about a mile and a half below Malden, the same now owned by W. C. Mickle. Following on with other fugitives came James Girty, the most degraded, blood-thirsty and uncivilized member of the family, a thorough Indian in feelings, manners and life. Caring for no society but that of his fellow-savages, he settled with his Shawnee squaw, his dogs and his wild young children, on Middle Sister

Island, not far from his brother. After his settlement at Malden, Simon Girty resumed the occupation of interpreter, and was much among the Indians who constantly visited the fort and camped upon his land. But the monotony of peace, which accorded so little with a nature that was fiery, untamed and adventurous to the last, pushed him to extremes for relief. Sometimes he sought excitement in the rum he loved so much and which was dealt out so freely at the fort, and then he was an Indian indeed, and would tear around on horseback flourishing an Indian war club, singing Indian war songs, and filling the air with the terrible sounds of the scalp halloo. Sometimes his recreation would be a long hunt with a party of savage kindred, and again it would be some dangerous expedition. Tradition reckons with this last his celebrated trip to Pennsylvania in 1811, when in disguise he risked his life to see once more his relatives and old haunts at Squirrel Hill, east of Pittsburgh, where his brother Thomas and half-brother John Turner lived and died respected. John Turner, who seems to have always been loyal and affectionate to the notorious and hated Simon, is known as "the benefactor of Squirrel Hill," from the fact that he donated a burying-ground to the citizens of that locality at his death, which occurred in 1840, after he had attained the advanced age of eighty-five. All sorts of wonderful and improbable tales are told of this bold appearance of Simon in the very midst of his enemies. One of the wildest recounts an attack that was made upon him while he was concealed at Turner's house, and the statement is made that he then received a saber-cut in the head which ultimately caused his death. Unfortunately for this thrilling tale the saber-cut dated back to St. Clair's defeat. He was convinced however that he was still cordially detested, and especially at that time when the hostile movement of the Wabash Indians caused the savage horrors of the past to be so vividly recalled. His presence was detected and vengeance was threatened, but he escaped, and returning home found all Upper Canada in excited commotion over the rapidly approaching war between the United States and England and the certain invasion of the province.

War was proclaimed on the 19th of June, 1812, to the delight of the savage beneficiaries of Great Britain, who had for weeks been gathering in swarms about Fort Malden, and the very name of that post soon became to the Americans the synonym for defeat and death. Girty was an old man when the war commenced, but not too old to encourage a band of Wyandots to rally around Tecumseh and the British standard. After the lapse of many years the aged victor of the Blue Licks, and the remnant of his broken people, were again united against their ancient and inveterate North-western foes. But the health of Girty was shattered, and he was so

nearly blind that he could lead no more his dusky hosts to battle, but he dimly saw the flash of the guns which announced the shameful surrender of Hull; stood once again within the stockaded walls of Detroit, to which he had been so long a stranger, and heard the exultant shouts of his lessening tribe as it returned from the bloody massacre of Raisin, a deed which inspired every Kentucky soldier with the feelings of an avenger, revived bitter memories of the Indian tragedies of the past, and with them the name of Girty, which was mentioned again with threats and curses. And fate as usual was against him. The tide of war turned, the British fleet was destroyed, Malden was captured, and Girty became a fugitive. But one at least of the soldiers who pursued the retreating forces of Proctor wished the White Indian no evil. It was the American officer whose life he had saved by suggesting the desperate expedient of casting the Indian papoose toward the flames. A British authority asserts that, though this officer had retired from the American army, he rejoined it in 1813 with the express purpose of doing his best to protect Girty in the event of his capture. It was an exhibition of that rarest of noble qualities, gratitude, which makes one think better of his race. But the ill-starred Girty, from whom happiness always stood afar off, was denied the pleasure of ever knowing that he had a single friend among the advancing Americans. They never met. With pain and difficulty Girty followed the retreating British and Indians until the 5th of October, 1813, when Harrison virtually closed the struggle in the North-west by his victory at the Thames. And here also, according to the veracious Campbell, was ended the checkered career of the notorious White Indian. Campbell says: "It was the constant wish of Girty that he might breathe his last in battle. So it happened. He was at Proctor's defeat on the Thames, and was cut to pieces by Colonel Johnson's mounted men. Nearly three-quarters of a century have elapsed since the battle of the Thames occurred, and though in that long period books and pamphlets without number on Western history and the War of 1812 have been published, still, strange to say, in spite of all this investigation, this statement of Judge Campbell was the nearest approach that writers made to the actual truth concerning Girty's death, and was, with one very late exception (Mr. Butterfield) received by all as authentic history. Simon Girty was not only not killed in the battle of the Thames, but he was prevented by blindness and rheumatism from taking any part whatever in the engagement. His brother James, however, followed the brave Tecumseh that day into the thickest of the fight, his younger brother George is said to have died about this time, and it was during this war that Simon lost his

son Thomas, from sickness occasioned by over-exertion in gallantly carrying a wounded officer from the field of battle, and it is possible that the error so long perpetuated about the death of Simon may have arisen from a confusion of these events, all of which involved the Girty name. The collapse of the British army at the Thames found Simon Girty homeless and a wanderer, but, moved by the same instinct of savage brotherhood which ever characterized him, he sought and found a refuge at a village of the Mohawks on Grand River. This village, which was located in the midst of some of the finest land in the Dominion, and on probably the most picturesque of Canadian streams, was settled at the close of the American Revolution, under the leadership of Girty's Indian friend and comrade, the distinguished Brandt. It is a singular coincidence that Campbell, the celebrated poet, should have made a mistake about Brandt so similar to the one made by another and more obscure Campbell about Girty. In *Gertrude of Wyoming*, "the monster Brandt" is mentioned as a participant in that cold-blooded massacre, of which Thomas Campbell so touchingly sung, though the fact is established that he was not present on that tragic occasion.

Girty shared the whiskey and venison of his Indian friends until the close of the war in 1815, when he returned to his solitary farm near Malden. It was solitary indeed. His two daughters were married, and in homes of their own; the son of his heart had died during the war; and his wife, worn out by his wild and irregular life and Indian-like ways, had left him long ago. Only one of his family, his son Prideaux, lingered about him. To add to his gloomy reflections, his savage brother James was nearing the grave. Shunned by white people, and deserted even by his Indian squaw, the miserable creature lingered on through months of pain, and at last was found dead on the beach of Middle Sister Island, on the 15th of April, 1817. The final shadows were gathering thick and fast about the aged victor of the Blue Licks also. Blind, rheumatic, and shattered in health, the terrible Canadian winter succeeding his brother's death told with fatal effect upon him. He declined rapidly, but showed no concern whatever about his condition, and bore his sufferings with the proverbial stoicism and fortitude of his adopted race. During the bitter weather prevailing but few bothered themselves about the now desolate and sinking recluse. The remnant of his old tribe, however, did not entirely forget him in his extremity, and occasionally a solitary Wyandot, as seamed and scarred and grizzled as himself, would come to his bedside suddenly and unannounced, take the thin hand of his dying brother "Katepacomen," and with tender grasp, but impassive countenance, greet him in the familiar tongue of his

dusky people. Girty died in the month of February, 1818; his troubled and tempestuous life fitly ended in the midst of a driving snow storm. He had paid no attention to religion as understood by white men, and if he died in any faith at all it was in that of the Indian—a simple trust in the power and the goodness of the Great Spirit. He was buried near Amherstburg (Malden) on his farm, now known as the W. C. Mickle place, while the snow was so deep that his body had to be carried over the fences. His grave can still be pointed out, though it is entirely unmarked, and so utterly neglected that a common farm gate swings over the spot. And so ended the unhappy life of a creature who became by the force of warping circumstances the anomaly of early Western history.

No estimate of Girty can be either correct or just which does not take into account the influence which captivity and savage training had upon his character. How powerful it was is shown by the significant facts that it not only effaced the natural antipathy for the destroyers of his parents, but so perverted his normal instinct of race that he was never again in full sympathy with his own people, while, as far as known, he was always true to the Indians, and retained their confidence and friendship to the end of his days. The early settlers knowing that he was a white man by birth, but ignorant of his captivity and its effects, very naturally hated and despised him as a renegade. The term, however, does not apply to him in its infamous sense as it applies to Elliott and McKee, who had nothing whatever in common with the Indians, while Girty was one of them in almost everything but complexion. He was more of a savage than a renegade; more of a Brandt than an Elliott, and took part in the forays and outrages against the whites, not with the cowardice and mean malice of an outcast, but as a leader of his adopted people, and with the bravery and open hatred of an Indian. He was substantially an Indian; was neither better nor worse than an Indian, and should in the main be judged as such.

George W. Ranch

THE TRENT AFFAIR

I shall never forget my delight, October 16, 1861, when, on meeting Senator John P. Hale in Pennsylvania Avenue, opposite the White House, he informed me, in a jubilant manner, that James M. Mason and John Slidell, Confederate Commissioners to England and France respectively, had been captured on board the British mail steamer *Trent* by Captain Charles Wilkes, of the United States steamer *San Jacinto*, and brought into Hampton Roads, Virginia. Old Point Comfort was electrified by the tidings, and the announcement was no sooner sent over the wires than expressions of joy were heard from every quarter of the Union outside the seceded States. The *Baltimore American* said: "Two of the magnates of the Southern Confederacy, two, perhaps, who have been as potent for mischief as any that could have been selected (out of South Carolina) from the long list of political ingrates, have 'come to grief' in their persistent attempts to destroy the noble government to which they owe all the honorable distinction they have hitherto enjoyed."

Neither press nor people waited for the particulars of the capture before proceeding to discuss at length the question of its legality. The *Baltimore American*, while apparently justifying the act, expressed the opinion that it was "a violation of the laws of neutrality, strictly considered;" but, later, the editor said he thought the character of the question was "beyond the reach of mere diplomacy," and that the government had no other alternative than to adhere to the position it had already assumed. "In numerous ways government and people have fully endorsed the act of Captain Wilkes, and the verdict will never be reversed although all Europe, with England at its head, demand it." The *National Intelligencer* said: "The proceeding of Captain Wilkes is fully justified by the rules of international law as those rules have been expounded by the most illustrious British jurists and compiled by the most approved writers on the laws of nations." In support of this position many British authorities were cited. In the declaration of war by Great Britain against Russia, promulgated on the 28th of March, 1854, the following language was used: "It is impossible for Her Majesty to forego her right of seizing articles contraband of war, and of preventing neutrals from bearing enemies' dispatches."

There was a British precedent during the Mexican War, General Paredes, a bitter enemy of the United States, who was arrested in 1846, at the

beginning of the war, and, being in Europe, was brought to Vera Cruz on the 14th of August, 1847, in the British mail steamer *Treviot*. Secretary Buchanan made complaint in a letter to Mr. Bancroft, our Minister to England, saying, "A neutral vessel, which carries a Mexican officer of high military rank to Mexico for the purpose of taking part in hostilities to our country, is liable to confiscation, according to the opinion of Sir William Scott"—high British authority, whom he quotes. Mr. Bancroft wrote to Lord Palmerston, who admitted the justice of the complaint, and the commander of the *Treviot*, Captain May, was ordered to be suspended for what the British Government unhesitatingly acknowledged to have been a violation of the belligerent rights of the United States. Dr. Robert Phillimore, Advocate of Her Majesty in her office of Admiralty as Judge of the Cinque Ports, held that "it is indeed competent to a belligerent to stop the ambassadors of his enemy on his passage." The Washington *Evening Star*, November 9, said: "The British Government should direct Lord Lyons to return the thanks of Her Majesty to the United States Government for its forbearance in not having seized the steamer *Trent*, brought her into port, and confiscated ship and cargo for an open and flagrant breach of international law. The Queen's Proclamation of May last acknowledged the rebel States to be belligerents—enemies of the United States—and by their own principles of international law, British ships were thereafter to abstain from carrying dispatches, or doing any act that favored the Confederates, under penalty of seizure and confiscation. Slidell and Mason should be held in rigid custody until they can be tried and punished for their crimes against the Government of the United States. Their sham character of ambassadors affords no protection. It is a lawful right of belligerents to seize an ambassador, as soon as any other person, if he can be caught at sea. The minister appointed by the Continental Congress to Holland, Henry Laurens, was captured on the 3d September, 1780, by a British frigate, on his passage to Holland, near Newfoundland, was taken to England, and, after examination, committed a close prisoner in the Tower of London on a charge of high treason. Indulgence would be thrown away on arch-traitors like Slidell and Mason."

Hon. Edward Everett, before the Middlesex Mechanic's Association at Lowell, justified the capture of Messrs. Mason and Slidell as perfectly lawful—their confinement in Fort Warren perfectly lawful—and said they "would no doubt be kept there until the restoration of peace, which we all so much desire"—and "we may, I am sure, cordially wish them a safe and speedy deliverance." Mr. George Sumner, a well-read lawyer, said in the *Boston Transcript* of November 18: "The act of Captain Wilkes was

in strict accordance with the principles of international law, recognized in England, and in strict conformity with English practice." Even the British Consul at New Orleans, Mr. Muir, it was authoritatively stated, justified the seizure and supplied legal authority to appear in a leading editorial of one of the city papers.

Mr. George Ticknor Curtis and Mr. George S. Hillard, of Boston, however, among others, pointed out the irregularity of the seizure in not carrying the *Trent* in for judicial condemnation. The *New York Herald* said: "It will not probably enter the mind of a single American, for a moment, even after reading the news in our columns to-day, that Mason and Slidell will be surrendered to the English Government." There were some discordant voices. For instance the *New Orleans Crescent* said this "high-handed interference with a British mail steamer by the Lincoln Government will either arouse John Bull to the highest pitch of indignation, or it will demonstrate that there has been an understanding between the two governments for a long time—that England has been and is assisting the Abolition Government to the detriment of the South."

—Then, from the other side of the line, the *Toronto Globe* and *Toronto Leader* both condemned the act. The *Globe* denounced it as "an outrage on the British flag, and an infraction of international law;" and the *Leader* declared it was "the most offensive outrage which Brother Jonathan has dared to perpetrate upon the British flag." Immediate liberation of the prisoners and apology, they claimed, should be demanded. At the same time it was proposed to raise an English subscription in New York to prosecute the captain of the *Trent* in the English law courts for violating the Queen's proclamation, in case of delay of the Queen's attorney-general to bring suit, or the owners of the vessel should decline to prosecute him.

Such was the general drift of public sentiment immediately after the news of the capture was received. The circumstances attending the seizure are briefly told. The *San Jacinto*, which had been attached to the United States African Squadron, left St. Paul de Loanda on the 10th of August in the temporary command of Lieutenant (now Rear-Admiral) D. M. Fairfax, with orders to wait at Fernando Po for Captain Wilkes, who took command there. On arrival at Cienfuegos, they learned that the steamer *Theodora* from Charleston, South Carolina, with Messrs. Slidell and Mason on board, had run the blockade, and he determined to pursue and intercept her if possible. On reaching Havana, he found she had left that port on her return, and that the Confederate Commissioners were waiting to take passage to Europe in an English vessel. He then conceived the bold

plan of intercepting the British mail steamer and, in the event of their being on board, to make them prisoners. He cruised in the Old Bahama channel where they encountered the *Trent* on the morning of the 8th November. The account reads: "We were all ready for her, beat to quarters, and as soon as she was within reach of our guns, every gun of our starboard battery was trained upon her. A shot from our pivot gun was fired across her bow. She hoisted English colors but showed no disposition to slacken her speed or heave to. We hoisted the star-spangled banner, and as soon as she was close upon us fired a shell across her bow, which brought her to." Captain Wilkes hailed her and said he would send a boat. Thereupon he ordered Lieutenant Fairfax to board her. Under date of November 12, Lieutenant Fairfax reports the particulars to Captain Wilkes on board the *San Jacinto*, as follows: "At 1.20 P.M. on the 8th instant, I repaired alongside of the British mail packet in an armed cutter, accompanied by Mr. Houston, second assistant engineer, and Mr. Grace, the boatswain, I went on board the *Trent* alone, leaving the two officers in the boat, with orders to wait until it became necessary to show some force. I was shown up by the first officer to the quarter-deck, where I met the captain and informed him who I was, asking to see his passenger list. He declined letting me see it. I then told him that I had information of Mr. Mason, Mr. Slidell, Mr. Eustis, and Mr. McFarland having taken their passage at Havana in the packet to St. Thomas, and would satisfy myself whether they were on board before allowing his steamer to proceed.

"Mr. Slidell, evidently hearing his name mentioned, came up to me and asked if I wanted to see him. Mr. Mason soon joined us, and then Mr. Eustis and Mr. McFarland, when I made known the object of my visit. The captain of the *Trent* opposed anything like a search of his vessel, nor would he consent to show papers or passenger list. The gentlemen above mentioned protested also against my arresting and sending them to the United States steamer near by. There was considerable noise among the passengers just about that time, and that led Mr. Houston and Mr. Grace to repair on board with some six or eight men, all armed. After several unsuccessful efforts to persuade Mr. Mason and Mr. Slidell to go with me peaceably, I called to Mr. Houston and ordered him to return to the ship with the information that the four gentlemen named in your order of the 8th inst. were on board, and force must be applied to take them out of the packet. About three minutes after, there was still greater excitement on the quarter-deck, which brought Mr. Grace with his armed party. I, however, deemed the presence of any armed men unnecessary, and only calcu-

lated to alarm the ladies present, and directed Mr. Grace to return to the lower deck, where he had been since first coming on board. It must have been less than half an hour after I boarded the *Trent*, when the second armed cutter, under Lieutenant Green, came alongside (only two armed boats being used). He brought in the third cutter, eight marines and four machinists, in addition to a crew of some twelve men. When the marines and some armed men formed just outside the main-deck cabin, where these four gentlemen had gone to pack up their baggage, I renewed my efforts to induce them to accompany me on board. Still refusing to accompany me unless force was applied, I called to my assistance four or five officers, and first taking hold of Mr. Mason's shoulder, with another officer on the opposite side, I went as far as the gangway of the steamer and delivered him over to Lieutenant Green, to be placed in the boat. I then returned for Mr. Slidell, who insisted that I must apply considerable force to get him to go with me. Calling in at least three officers, he also was taken in charge and handed over to Mr. Green. Mr. McFarland and Mr. Eustis (the secretaries of Mason and Slidell), after protesting, went quietly into the boat. They had been permitted to collect their baggage, but were sent in advance of it, under charge of Lieutenant Green."

Lieutenant James A. Green, says: "When Lieutenant Fairfax gave the order for the marines to be brought in, he heard some one call out 'shoot him.' As the marines advanced, the passengers fell back. Mr. Fairfax then ordered the marines to go out of the cabin, which they did, Mr. Slidell at the same time jumping out of a window of a state-room into the cabin, when he was arrested by Mr. Fairfax, and was then brought by Mr. Hall and Mr. Grace to the boat, into which he got." Lieutenant Green further states that Commander Williams, the mail agent, said "the Northerners might as well give up soon." Lieutenant Green adds that, with the exception of the captain, who was "reserved and dignified," the officers of the vessel generally showed an undisguised hatred for the Northern people and a sympathy for the Confederates, denouncing Lieutenant Fairfax and his men as "pirates, villains," etc. He says he was informed by one of the crew of the *Trent* that Commander Williams was advising the captain to arm the crew and passengers of his ship, as Williams threatened that "the English squadron would break the blockade in twenty days after his report."

On his arrival at Hampton Roads, Captain Wilkes came ashore, and at once sent Lieutenant Taylor with his report to Washington. He had a long conversation with General Wool, then in command there, who expressed the opinion that he had done right, and said that "right or wrong, he could only be cashiered for it." Wilkes' report to Secretary

Welles, of the Navy, bears date Hampton Roads, November 15, 1861. He wrote: "I have found it impossible to reach New York, my coal being exhausted. I shall procure sufficient in a few hours to proceed forthwith to my destination, New York, where I hope to receive your instructions relative to the Confederate prisoners I have on board this ship. I have determined to send Commander Taylor, U. S. Navy, who is a passenger from the coast of Africa, to Washington by the boat, as bearer of dispatches, and have given him orders to report to you in person."

On receipt of Captain Wilkes' report, November 16, the Secretary of the Navy sent to Commodore H. Paulding, Commandant of the Navy Yard, New York, the following telegram: "You will send the *San Jacinto* immediately to Boston, and direct Captain Wilkes to deliver the prisoners at Fort Warren. Let their baggage be strictly guarded and delivered to the colonel at Fort Warren for examination. The *San Jacinto* will be paid off at Boston. Send amount of money required. Answer per telegraph."

On same day, William H. Seward, Secretary of State, united with Secretary Welles in the following telegram to Robert Murray, United States Marshal, New York: "You will proceed in the *San Jacinto* to Fort Warren, Boston, with Messrs. Mason and Slidell and suite. No persons from shore are to be permitted on board the vessel prior to her departure from New York." We next hear of the *San Jacinto* at Newport, Rhode Island, 21st November, where Captain Wilkes was obliged to stop on account of the stress of weather and for coal. Meantime it appears his prisoners had united in a request that they might be permitted "to remain in custody at Newport, on account of the comparative mildness of climate and the delicate health" of one of their number. They said they were "willing to pledge themselves not to make any attempt to escape, nor to communicate with any person while there unless permitted to do so." This request being sent by telegram to Secretary Welles, he replied same day, November 21: "The government has prepared no place for confinement of the prisoners at Newport. The Department cannot change the destination of the prisoners."

On November 22, the Secretary of the Navy telegraphed to Captain William L. Hudson, Commandant Navy Yard, Boston: "Direct Captain Wilkes immediately on his arrival to have the effects of the rebel prisoners on board the *San Jacinto* thoroughly examined, and whatever papers may be found to send them by special messenger to the Department. Answer per telegraph." November 24, Captain Wilkes reported his arrival at Boston, after having to put into Holmes' Hole on the morning of the 22d, on account of fog.

On her way from Hampton Roads to Fort Warren, the *San Jacinto* encountered a terrible gale, which old sailors said had not been surpassed off Cape Cod for twenty years, and she was so much delayed that she was obliged, as already stated, to put into Newport for coal, which was sent to her in lighters. The Confederate Commissioners and their secretaries occupied the captain's cabin, and messed with him at table. He had, when they first came on board, tendered the offer of his cabin for the accommodation of their families, but this was declined, and the latter proceeded on their way in the *Trent*. All political talk was prohibited by Captain Wilkes. Colonel Dimmick, in command at Fort Warren, received the prisoners; their baggage was landed and examined, consisting of six or eight trunks, six valises, several cases of brandy, wines and liquors, a dozen or more boxes of cigars, and two casks (pints and quarts) of ale, and conveyed in two carts. No dispatches were found. These all went on with the ladies of the prisoners, and reached England from St. Thomas in the British steamer *La Plata*. Shortly after going on board the *San Jacinto*, the prisoners joined in a letter to Captain Wilkes, in which they gave their version of the circumstances of their arrest and transfer to his ship, and requested that it be forwarded to Washington with his report, which was done. They afterwards also united in a note to him, acknowledging the courtesy with which they had been treated on board.

There was a banquet at the Revere House, in Boston, in honor of Captain Wilkes, Hon. J. Edmunds Wiley presiding. His act was highly applauded by Mr. Edmunds, Governor Andrew, and Chief-Justice Bigelow. Captain Wilkes and Lieutenant Fairfax made speeches, briefly describing the capture. Captain Wilkes said he "had read in the law books that dispatches from an enemy were contraband of war, and he took it for granted that ambassadors were the embodiment of dispatches." In his report to the Secretary of the Navy, he called them "live dispatches." Governor Andrew said he was in the office of the Secretary of War when the dispatch came announcing the capture, and that he joined heartily in the cheer led by the Secretary. He pronounced the act as "not only wise judgment, but also manly and heroic success."

On November 30, Secretary Welles wrote Captain Wilkes at Boston: "I congratulate you on your safe arrival, and especially do I congratulate you on the great public service you have rendered in the capture of the rebel emissaries. Messrs. Mason and Slidell have been conspicuous in the conspiracy to dissolve the Union, and it is well known that when seized by you they were on a mission hostile to the government and the country. Your conduct in seizing these public enemies was marked by intelligence,

ability, decision, and firmness, and has the emphatic approval of this Department. It is not necessary that I should in this communication—which is intended to be one of congratulation to yourself, officers, and crew—express an opinion on the course pursued in omitting to capture the vessel which had these public enemies on board, further than to say that the forbearance exercised in this instance must not be permitted to constitute a precedent hereafter for infractions of neutral obligations."

The news of the seizure reached the Lords Commissioners in London on the 27th November, and by their order immediately communicated to Earl Russell. At the same time a public meeting was called there and a resolution presented calling on the government "to assert the dignity of the British flag by requiring prompt reparation for this outrage." On the suggestion of Mr. John Campbell, one of the speakers, that the capture might have been justifiable in view of British law on the subject, the resolution was laid over.

The *London Times* was at first quite moderate. It fully admitted the right of search, and said the British Government "had established a system of international law which now tells against us." It quoted Lord Stowell, who held that "the only security that nothing is to be found inconsistent with amity and the law of nations, known to the law of nations, is the right of personal visitation and search to be exercised by those who have an interest in making it." It also cited the opinion of Chancellor Kent, wherein he declared that "The duty of self-preservation gives to belligerent nations this right. The doctrine of the English Admiralty Courts on the right of visitation and search and on the limitation of the right, has been recognized in its fullest extent by the courts of justice in this country" (the United States). But the *Times* claimed that when these decisions were given a different state of things existed. There were then no mail steamers or vessels "carrying letters wherein all the nations of the world have immediate interest." Hence, England did then what they would not now do nor allow others to do. It was not aware of any authority to show that the commissioners "were contraband of war; and in any event it was not a question to be adjudicated on by a naval officer and four boats' crews. The legal course would have been to take the ship itself into port, and to ask for her condemnation, or for the condemnation of the passengers, in a Court of Admiralty."

Under date of November 30, Earl Russell directed the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty to instruct Vice-Admiral Sir A. Milne to communicate fully with Lord Lyons, British Minister at Washington. He speaks of the "act of wanton violence and outrage," and says the com-

mander should "look to the safety of Her Majesty's possessions in North America," and "not to place his ships in positions where they may be surprised or commanded by batteries on land of a superier force." Arrangements for increasing the military force in Canada were at once made. Twenty thousand picked troops, the flower of the British Army, were mustered and passed in review, for embarkation via Halifax. The large ship *Melbourne* was being loaded at Woolwich with Armstrong guns, some eighty thousand Enfield rifles, a large amount of ammunition, and other war materials. Greater activity could not have been displayed had war already been declared. Neither night nor Sunday was allowed to suspend the work of preparation at Woolwich.

A well-informed correspondent of the *New York Commercial Advertiser* wrote from Paris, December 6th: "The sudden dispatch of arms and men to Halifax, the outfit of numerous heavy ships of war, the violent language of the British press, and concurrence of the French press, are events out of proportion to the nominal cause of them, and indicate a secret design and foregone conclusion." He thinks the British Government from the first "was disposed to aid the rebellion for the purpose of dissolving the Union." He advises that our government accept at once the objection to form taken by the British Government, and release Mason and Slidell, thus depriving that government of the pretext on which it rests.

November 30, 1861, which seems to have been fraught with many important communications concerning this affair, Secretary Seward took the precaution to write to Mr. Charles Francis Adams, our Minister at London, a confidential letter, with permission to read it to Lord Palmerston, "if deemed expedient," in which letter, referring to the matter, he said: "It is proper that you should know one fact in the case without indicating that we attach importance to it, namely, that in the capture of Messrs. Mason and Slidell on board the British vessel, Captain Wilkes having acted without any instructions from the government, the subject is, therefore, free from the embarrassment which might have resulted if the act had been specially directed by us. I trust that the British Government will consider the subject in a friendly temper, and it may expect the best disposition on the part of this government."

Earl Russell was prompt to communicate with Lord Lyons on this important subject. His letter to him bears date, also, November 30, and after reciting the circumstances of the capture as reported to him, he says: "It thus appears that certain individuals have been taken from on board a British vessel, the ship of a neutral power, while such vessel was pursuing a

lawful and innocent voyage—an act of violence which was an affront to the British flag and a violation of international law. Her Majesty's Government, bearing in mind the friendly relations which have long subsisted between Great Britain and the United States, are willing to believe that the United States naval officer who committed the aggression was not acting in compliance with any authority from his government, or that, if he conceived himself to be authorized, he greatly misunderstood the instructions which he had received. For the Government of the United States must be fully aware that the British Government could not allow such an affront to the national honor to pass without full reparation, and Her Majesty's Government are unwilling to believe that it could be the deliberate intention of the Government of the United States unnecessarily to force into discussion between the two governments a question of so grave a character, and with regard to which the whole British nation would be sure to entertain such unanimity of feeling.

"Her Majesty's Government therefore trust that when this matter shall have been brought under consideration of the Government of the United States, that government will, of their own accord, offer to the British Government such redress as alone could satisfy the British nation, namely, the liberation of the four gentlemen and their delivery to your Lordship, in order that they may again be placed under British protection, and a suitable apology for the aggression which has been committed. Should these terms not be offered by Mr. Seward, you will propose them to him."

Bearing upon this highly important letter of Earl Russell, we find in Martin's *Life of the Prince Consort* a significant and interesting private history, showing that the Queen was not satisfied with the draft submitted for her approval, and that it was, at her suggestion, divested of its harsher features, and very much softened in other respects, to guard against giving offense to our government. The draft was returned with a memorandum drawn by the Prince Consort and corrected with the Queen's own hand, indicating the changes she would have made. The letter, as sent, shows that her recommendation was followed in every particular. Thus it is more than probable that her wisdom and good will toward the United States saved the two countries from a state of open hostilities, if not actual war. It is well known that the Prince Consort was in accord with her, and it is sad to think that the memorandum referred to was the last political writing from his pen. He was then seriously indisposed, and when he handed the paper to the Queen, "he told her that he could scarcely hold the pen while writing it." He died on the 14th of December, 1861.

At a public dinner given to Commander Williams in London, 12th

December, he made what appears to have been not inaptly characterized as "a braggadocio speech," in which he gave his account of the action of himself, Lieutenant Fairfax, and others on board the *Trent*. He said he and Lieutenant Fairfax asked each other's pardon for anything which might have been said or done offensive on either side, so far as they themselves were concerned. He declared that one of Mr. Slidell's daughters branded an officer of the *San Jacinto* "to his face with his infamy, having been her father's guest not ten days before." He likewise averred, with an appeal to Heaven, that "the marines made a rush toward Miss Slidell with fixed bayonets." He said "she did strike Mr. Fairfax, but not with the vulgarity of gesture attributed to her. Miss Slidell (he continues) was in the cabin with her arms encircling his neck, and she wished to be taken to prison with her father. Mr. Fairfax attempted to get into the cabin—I do not say forcibly, for I do not say a word against Mr. Fairfax so far as his manner is concerned—he attempted to get her away by inducements. In her agony, then, she did strike him in the face three times." He said that "when the marines made a rush for Miss Slidell, she screamed, for her father snatched himself away from her to break the window of his cabin, through which he thrust his body out. But the hole was so small that I hardly thought it would admit the circumference of his waist. It was then the lady screamed. When the marines rushed on with the point of the bayonet, I had just time to put my body between their bayonets and Miss Slidell, and I said to them, 'Back, you — cowardly poltroons.'"

The excitement in England instead of abating, continued to increase, although there was a conservative undercurrent there not unfavorable to the United States. For instance, Mr. John Bright counseled moderation, and the Sheffield Foreign Affairs Committee petitioned the Queen to punish Captain Moir and Commander Williams of the *Trent* for disobeying her proclamation of 13th May, by carrying "officers" of the Confederate States and their "dispatches."

The *New York Tribune* of 3d December, said: "England is almost beside herself is the tenor of the latest and most trustworthy private letters. They say that passion has swept away reason in a manner to an extent unknown since 1831, and that the national sympathy with the South developed by recent events is startling." Some now thought the President might propose to submit the matter to arbitration; but the *New York Journal of Commerce* suggested that "if the British Government wanted only an adjudication by a Court of Admiralty, they could be easily accommodated by a return of the prisoners on board of the *Trent* at the

point of capture, and then Captain Wilkes could fire a gun across her bow and bring her into port according to law."

There appeared to be no thought on the part of the people or press of the United States that the prisoners would be given up. Secretary Welles, in his annual report, had referred to "the prompt and decisive action of Captain Wilkes," as having "merited and received the emphatic approbation of the Department;" and a resolution of thanks to him had been passed by the House of Representatives immediately on coming together. Nevertheless, near the close of December, to the amazement of many, it began to be whispered about that our Government; considering discretion the better part of valor, had concluded to yield to the demands of Great Britain. The *New York Herald*, referring to this "silly rumor," said there "was not the slightest truth in the report."

But now came the unexpected denouement. Having taken several days to digest Earl Russell's dispatch, a copy of which had been left with him by Lord Lyons, Mr. Seward proceeded, December 26, to reply to it. He commenced by reciting its principal points, and saying it had been submitted to the President, added: "The British Government has rightly conjectured what is my duty now to state, that Captain Wilkes acted upon his own suggestions of duty without any direction or instruction, or even foreknowledge of it on the part of the government." He corrects some of Earl Russell's statements to the effect that the round shot was fired in a direction obviously so divergent from the course of the *Trent* as to be "quite as harmless as a blank shot, while it should be regarded as a signal." So, also, we learn that the *Trent* was not approaching the *San Jacinto* slowly when the shell was fired across her bow, but "on the contrary, the *Trent* was, or seemed to be, moving under a full head of steam, as if with a purpose to pass the *San Jacinto*." Also, that Lieutenant Fairfax "did not board the *Trent* 'with a large armed guard,' but left the marines in his boat when he entered the *Trent*;" that "the Captain of the *Trent* was not at any time or in any way to go on board the *San Jacinto*," as Earl Russell had stated. Mr. Seward described the character of the prisoners, saying their dispatches were carried to emissaries of the rebel government in England; he said, "The question before us is, whether this proceeding was authorized and conducted according to the law of nations. It involves the following inquiries:

- 1st. Were the persons named and their supposed dispatches contraband of war?

- 2d. Might Captain Wilkes lawfully stop and search the *Trent* for these contraband persons and dispatches?

3d. Did he exercise that right in a lawful and proper manner? 4th. Having found the contraband persons on board and in presumed possession of the contraband dispatches, had he a right to capture the persons? 5th. Did he exercise that right of capture in the manner allowed and recognized by the law of nations? If all these inquiries shall be resolved in the affirmative, the British Government will have no claim to reparation." Addressing himself to these inquiries, he disposes of the first four in the affirmative. Taking up the fifth, he says: "It is just here that the difficulties of the case begin. In the present case, Captain Wilkes, after capturing the contraband persons and making prize of the *Trent* in what seems to us as a perfectly lawful manner, instead of sending her into port, released her from the capture, and permitted her to proceed with her whole cargo upon her voyage.

Captain Wilkes (quoted by Mr. Seward) says he "forebore to seize her (the *Trent*) in consequence of his being reduced in officers and crew, and the derangement it would cause innocent persons" on board. These reasons, Mr. Seward declared were satisfactory to the government, so far as Captain Wilkes was concerned. Finally, Mr. Seward rested on the old American rule that in case of capture from search, the question must "be carried before a legal tribunal, where a regular trial may be had, and where the captor himself is liable to damage for an abuse of his power." "If I decide this case," continued Mr. Seward, "in favor of my own government, I must disavow its most cherished principles and reverse and forever abandon its essential policy. The country cannot afford the sacrifice. If I maintain those principles and adhere to that policy, I must surrender the case itself. It will be seen, therefore, that this government would not deny the justice of the claim presented to us in this respect upon its merits. We are asked to do to the British nation just what we have always insisted all nations ought to do to us. * * * I prefer to express my satisfaction that, by the adjustment of the present case upon principles confessedly American, and yet as I trust, mutually satisfactory to both of the nations concerned, a question is finally and rightly settled between them, which heretofore exhausted not only all forms of peaceful discussion, but also the arbitrament of war itself; for more than half a century alienated the two countries from each other, and perplexed with fears and apprehensions all other nations. The four persons in question are now held in military custody at Fort Warren, in the State of Massachusetts. They will be cheerfully liberated. Your Lordship will please indicate a time and place for receiving them."

Lord Lyons replied to Mr. Seward on the 27th December, saying

he would, without delay, send a copy of his "important communication" to Earl Russell, and would confer with him (Mr. Seward) on the arrangements for the delivery of "the four gentlemen" to him (Lord Lyons). The rest is soon told. On December 30, Lord Lyons wrote to Commander Hewett of the *Rinaldo*, an English sloop-of-war, to proceed with his vessel to Provincetown, Massachusetts, and receive the released prisoners, adding: "It is hardly necessary that I should remind you that these gentlemen have no official character. It will be right for you to receive them with all courtesy and respect as gentlemen of distinction; but it would be improper to pay them any of those honors which are paid to official persons;" and their transfer should be "effected unostentatiously."

Being conveyed from Fort Warren to Provincetown by the tugboat *Starlight*, the "four gentlemen," with their luggage, were quietly transferred to the *Rinaldo* on the evening of January 1, 1862, remarking that their "only wish was to proceed to Europe;" and that vessel at once set sail for St. Thomas, whence these emissaries of treason pursued their weary way to their original respective destinations, cowed and humiliated in no slight degree. Doubtless they knew that only a cool reception awaited them.

The *London Star* said: "When Mason and Slidell have been surrendered to us it will surely be time to declare in what capacity we, as a nation, are to receive them—whether as the envoys of Mr. Jefferson Davis, or as inoffensive visitors to a country where the rebel slave-owner and fugitive negro are welcome alike to the protection of the law." The *London Times* exulted over what it called "a great victory," but said: "Mason and Slidell are about the most worthless booty it would be possible to exact from the jaws of the American lion. The four American gentlemen who have got us into our late trouble, and cost us probably a million apiece, will soon be in one of our ports. What they and their secretaries are to do here, passes our conjecture. They are, personally, nothing to us."

Not the least wonderful thing in this extraordinary affair was the sudden acquiescence in and approbation of the act of our government in surrendering the "Confederate ambassadors," on the part of the people and press of the United States, as soon as Mr. Seward's masterly state paper was published. Nor were our people alone in their satisfaction at so happy a settlement of a vexed question which alarmed and threatened to disturb all the maritime nations of the world.

Horatio King.

SHILOH

Before entering upon an account of the battle of Shiloh, or Pittsburg Landing, it seems proper to examine the steps by which an expeditionary movement to destroy lines of communications of the enemy became a campaign, and a starting point selected for a raid on a railroad became a field on which was fought one of the bloodiest battles of the Civil War.

On the 1st of March, 1862, Halleck, from St. Louis, advised Grant, at Fort Henry, that transports were being collected for an expedition up the Tennessee River. "The main object of this expedition," so says Halleck, "will be to destroy the railroad bridge over Bear Creek near Eastport, Mississippi, and also the connections at Corinth, Jackson, and Humboldt. . . . Avoid any general engagement with strong forces. It will be better to retreat than to risk a general battle. . . . Having accomplished these objects, or such as may be practicable, *you will return to Danville and move on Paris. . . .*" On the 6th of March, Halleck wrote that Smith (C. F.) had gone up the Tennessee River to seize Corinth, but that he (Halleck) feared that it was too late and that Smith was too weak. On the same day Halleck wrote to Buell that he was informed that Beauregard had 20,000 men at Corinth, and that Smith would not probably be strong enough to attack it, but that he should reinforce Smith as rapidly as possible. Smith, by direction of Halleck, landed at Savannah, Tennessee, about the 8th of March and organized from there raiding parties on the Memphis and Charleston Railroad, under Generals W. T. Sherman and Lew Wallace, in the direction of Purdy, Corinth, Burnsville, and Eastport, but rains and high water and reports of enemy in strong forces in their front, prevented success in any direction, and Sherman, with his division, finally dropped down from Tyler's Landing, at the mouth of Yellow Creek about ten miles below Eastport, on the 15th of March, and under orders from General Smith, landed two divisions at Pittsburg on the 16th of March, which place was thenceforth strongly occupied by Federal troops. On the 11th of March an executive order consolidated the several departments of Missouri, Kansas, and Ohio into one, and placed Halleck in command, thus giving him control of the armies therein. Of those of interest in the present discussion we shall have to consider only the Army of the Tennessee, or the forces which have been moved up the Tennessee River to Savannah and Pittsburg Landing and

its vicinity, and the Army of the Ohio under General Buell just then beginning its march to the South from Nashville.

To show the character of the expedition to and above Savannah the following extract is given from a circular letter of General W. T. Sherman, dated Headquarters Expeditionary Corps, Steamer *Constitution*, March 12th, to Commanders of Brigades: "The object of our expedition is to cut the Charleston and Memphis Railroad at a point between Corinth and Iuka. . . . The object of the expedition is not to engage the enemy in force, but to break their communications;" and again in Orders No. 7, March 13th: "Officers and men must be cautioned to obey orders without question. The objects to be accomplished are special and different from what they expect, but are a part of a grand design devised by the same mind that planned the victories of Forts Henry and Donelson, and led to the evacuation of Columbus and Nashville without a blow."

In his record of events Sherman says: "On 16th dropped down to Pittsburg Landing and disembarked and attempted destruction of railroad, . . . but failed in the undertaking."

Of the position taken up at Shiloh, Sherman wrote March 17th: "Am strongly impressed with the importance of the position, both for its land advantages and its strategic position.* The ground itself admits of easy defense by a small command and yet affords admirable camping ground for a hundred thousand men. . . ." On the 14th of March, Buell writes that he can move with 55,000 effectives against the enemy in his front, and suggests a move against the Memphis and Charleston Railroad, west of Decatur, and not west of Corinth. Florence preferable on account of the bridge there. Halleck in reply of same date says: "We must attack the enemy in the center, say at Corinth or Jackson (Tennessee). General Smith has established himself at Savannah. I think all your available forces . . . should be sent up the Tennessee." To which Buell replies, March 15th: "I am decidedly of opinion that my force should strike it (Tennessee River) *by marching*. It can move in less time and in better condition, and with more security to our operations than by the river." On the following day Halleck writes to Buell: "Move your forces by land to the Tennessee as rapidly as possible. . . . Enemy in strong force at Eastport and Corinth; reported 60,000. *Grant's army is concentrating at Savannah*. You must direct your march on that point, so that the enemy cannot get between us. . . ." On the same day Halleck says to Grant: "As the enemy is evidently in strong force, my instructions not to advance so as to bring on an engagement must be strictly obeyed. General

* The possible strategic value to the position can be seen by the author.

Smith must hold his position (at Savannah?) without exposing himself by detachment until we can strongly re-enforce him. General Buell is moving in his direction and I hope in a few days to send 10,000 to 15,000 more from Missouri." On the 17th Grant arrived at Savannah and assumed command and writes to Halleck: "I shall order all the forces here, except McClelland's division, to Pittsburg, and send back steamers as rapidly as possible. . . . All the troops of my command, except those left to garrison Forts Henry and Donelson, two regiments at Clarksville yet to arrive, and McClelland's division, will be at Pittsburg." On the 17th Halleck telegraphed to Buell: "Move on as ordered to-day to reinforce Smith. Savannah is now the strategic point." It will be seen from this that Halleck had selected Savannah as the point of concentration and so informed Buell. The troops, however, of the Army of the Tennessee were being placed in position at Pittsburg and at Crump's Landing (six miles lower down) on the right bank of the Tennessee, with no bridges and their backs to a swollen river, where, as Grant says: "The opposite side is covered with water to the depth of six or eight feet on the bank and much further back, extending far beyond where field artillery would reach." This made the throwing of a bridge impossible. In the same report, March 18th, Grant says: "No doubt a large force is being concentrated at Corinth and on the line of the railroad." March 19th Grant writes to Buell: "I am massing troops at Pittsburg, Tennessee. There is every reason to suppose that the rebels have a large force at Corinth, Mississippi, and many other points on the road toward Decatur." On the 20th Halleck telegraphs to Grant: "Your telegrams of yesterday just received. I do not fully understand you. By all means keep your forces together" (at Savannah?) "until you connect with General Buell, who is now at Columbia" (eighty miles away), "and will move on Waynesborough with three divisions. Don't let the enemy draw you into an engagement now. Wait till you are *properly fortified* and receive orders." Grant informs Halleck on the 25th, from Savannah, that he will go with the expedition to Corinth (from Pittsburg) in person, unless orders prevent it. "*Owing to limited space at the landing, some more days may yet be required to debark troops there.*" 'Thinks he cannot get off before 24th; under his instructions will take no risk at Corinth. "If a battle on anything like equal terms seems to be inevitable," will "find it out in time to make a movement upon some other point of the railroad." On the 20th, Grant orders two more brigades from Savannah to Pittsburg Landing, and also sends orders to the troops at that place and the division at Crump's Landing to be prepared to march at any time with three days' provisions in haversacks and seven in

wagons. As Corinth was but twenty miles from Pittsburg Landing, this preparation would hardly seem to apply to a raiding party. On the 21st Grant reported from Savannah to Halleck that by reason of arrival of additional troops at Corinth, the indications were that that place could not be taken without a general engagement, which, under instructions, was to be avoided. He says in addition: "This *taken in connection with the impassable state of the roads* has determined me not to move for the present without further orders." The following day Grant telegraphs from Savannah: "Troops from here, except one regiment, all sent to Pittsburg. No movement making except to advance General Sherman's division to prevent rebels from fortifying Pea Ridge."* This in answer to Halleck's order to keep the troops together until connection was made with Buell and not to be drawn into an engagement. On the 23d General Grant writes to C. F. Smith: "I am clearly of the opinion that the enemy are gathering strength at Corinth quite as rapidly as we are here, and the sooner we attack the easier will be the task of taking the place. If Ruggles is in command it would assuredly be a good time to attack." On that day Johnston had arrived at Corinth with his command concentrated on the railroad.

The abortive efforts to strike the railroads made during the ten days from the 12th, with the certainty that the enemy were fully alive to the vital importance of preserving their communications, and were concentrating troops at exposed points which could rapidly be thrown together on any threatened point or for offensive purposes, might well have changed the expeditionary character of the force on the Tennessee River into that of a force occupying a strategic position at a point where it could have concentrated with Buell and other reinforcements before a concentration and attack by the enemy could be possible. Pittsburg, or Shiloh, would not seem to be such a point, for it was separated from Buell's army by a wide, unbridged river and eighty miles of road, and was but twenty miles from the railroad at Corinth, where the enemy had the advantage of the rolling stock on two long roads to aid them in their concentration. Halleck's orders looked to a concentration at Savannah, which would have been a perfectly safe place, but as he seems to have acquiesced in the movement to Pittsburg Landing, it must have been under the supposition that the force there and position were strong enough for proper defense against any attack till it could be reinforced. This may well have been, for the returns show that Grant had under him at that time a force of over 50,000 present

* Pea Ridge was probably the real strategic position with a narrow front and unassailable flanks. Why was it not held and fortified?

for duty. That Halleck, however, expected no attack at Pittsburg is shown from his telegram to Buell of March 26, 1 P.M., in which he says: "I am inclined to believe the enemy will make his stand at or near Corinth. . . . I propose to join you as soon as you reach the Tennessee. . . . I think all your available forces . . . should be concentrated on the Tennessee in the vicinity of *Savannah* or *Eastport*." These positions were thirty miles apart, with Pittsburg near midway between and across the river. On the 27th Buell reported that he would be able to cross Duck River at Columbia by the 30th. It was in reality crossed on the 29th, and on that day one division (Nelson's) crossed the river by a tortuous ford and started for Savannah.

On this same day Halleck telegraphed Buell: "It seems from all accounts that the enemy is massing his forces in the vicinity of Corinth. You will concentrate all your available troops at *Savannah* or *Pittsburg*, twelve miles above; reinforcements are being sent to Grant; *we must be ready to attack the enemy as soon as the roads are passable.*" General Grant at this time had no expectation of being attacked, for on the 31st of March he wrote to General McCook, commanding, as Grant supposed, the advance forces (of Buell) . . . "I have been looking for your column anxiously for several days so as to report it to Headquarters of the Department, *and thinking some move may depend on your arrival.*" *

Buell reports to Halleck from Columbia on April 1 that his advance is two days' march on the way to Savannah, and that the rear will start on the 2d. On the 3d Grant makes a report of an expedition to Eastport, in which he says, "There will be no great difficulty in going any place with the army now concentrated here, but a battle will necessarily ensue on any point on the railroads touched." On the same day Grant sends word from Savannah to General Nelson, commanding leading division of Army of the Ohio: "Your advance has arrived here." On the 26th of March Cheatham had been ordered to concentrate his division at Bethel Station and Purdy "to defend the road from Savannah to Bolivar." This was in consequence of a report from the brigade commander at Purdy of threatening movements of the force under General Lew Wallace in front of Crump's Landing. This concentration in turn reacted upon Wallace, causing him on the 4th of April to report it, and in consequence two divisions at Pittsburg were ordered to support him if attacked.

* For adroit garbling see this dispatch as quoted on page 68, Vol. I., *Military History of U. S. Grant*. The quotation there is, "I have been looking for your column anxiously for several days," as though General Grant felt himself in need of reinforcements from being in a hazardous position, while it really meant that he wanted to report to Headquarters, that Halleck might make preparations or give orders for an offensive movement.

Buell on the 4th writes to Grant: "I shall be in Savannah myself to-morrow with one, perhaps two, divisions. Can I meet you there? Have you any information for me that would affect my movements? What of your enemy and your relative positions?" To which Grant replies on the 5th: "I will be here to meet you to-morrow. The enemy at and near Corinth (then within two miles of Grant's front) are probably from 60,000 to 80,000. Information not reliable." On the same day Sherman from Pittsburg Landing writes to Grant: "I have no doubt that nothing will occur to-day more than some picket firing. . . . *I will not be drawn out far, unless with certainty of advantage*, and I do not apprehend anything like an attack on our position." Grant on the same day reports to Halleck that "the force at Corinth and within supporting distance of it cannot be far from 80,000 men. . . . One division of Buell's column arrived yesterday." On the same day, and the day before the desperate assault on his lines, Grant reports an attack on the 4th on the outposts, and in that he says: "I have scarcely the faintest idea of an attack (general one) being made upon us, *but will be prepared should such a thing take place*. General Nelson's division has arrived. The other two of Buell's columns will arrive to-morrow and next day. It is my present intention to send them to Hamburg, some four miles above Pittsburg, *when they all get here*."

So far we have the Army of the Tennessee consisting of about 50,000 men with its back to a broad river where there was no bridge and where the narrow landing place was so insufficient, that it took several days, according to General Grant's statement, to debark the troops. Yet in the minds of the generals in command there was no likelihood that the 80,000 men at Corinth under bold enterprising generals would make an attack. On this very day, also, Halleck telegraphs Buell: "You are right about *concentrating at Waynesborough*. Future movements must depend on those of the enemy. I shall not be able to leave here till the first of next week." This certainly did not look as though his army at Shiloh was in peril, or that he thought it in a false position, though his orders had been specific on that point. He really seemed to have thought the enemy would wait for him to concentrate and assume the command and make the attack when, and in the manner it pleased him, to make it. During all this time, though as General Sherman had said the position at Shiloh was easily made defensible, not a single field-work had been thrown up or even laid out. Pea Ridge not occupied and fortified.

The army then concentrated at Pittsburg Landing had all the troops which came from Fort Donelson in its ranks, and was well clothed, well fed, and well armed. The movements of the Union troops have now been care-

fully followed from the inception of the idea to send an expeditionary force to destroy the Charleston and Memphis Railroad, on the eve of the battle of Shiloh. Let us take a glance at what was being done on the other side during this time. On the 5th of March, Beauregard at Jackson, Tennessee, assumed command of the Army of the Mississippi, and began with great energy and earnest appeals to the Confederate generals and Governors of States to collect a force under him. He had in his command the corps of Polk, a greater part of which had lately been freed from garrison duty at Columbus, Kentucky, and some brigades covering the railroads from Memphis, east and north. Bragg had lately arrived, bringing with him about 10,000 troops from Mobile, and had taken command of all the troops south of Jackson, the limit of Polk's command. A. S. Johnston, commanding the whole Confederate force in the West, was then at Huntsville with the command brought from Bowling Green, and was moving slowly on Decatur, where two railroads united and crossed the Tennessee River, to which point he was moving for the purpose of uniting with Beauregard who had anxiously requested it.

Fortifications were immediately begun at Corinth, and other stations on the railroads occupied by small forces. Notably one at Purdy, near Bethel Station, consisting of two regiments of infantry, a battery of artillery, and three companies of cavalry.

The greatest activity was shown in watching the river at the various landings, and the railroads gave extraordinary facilities for concentration on threatened points. Polk was being brought in toward Jackson, and Johnston was coming from the East. On the 16th, General Bragg from Bethel, sent a party to watch Sherman who that day landed at Pittsburg, and says, "I am glad to hear that General Johnston is joining us; with his force we certainly ought to crush any force the enemy can *now* bring."

On the morning of the 17th Sherman made a move towards Corinth, which caused Bragg to make immediate dispositions to concentrate against him, and to telegraph to Johnston at Decatur to push forward to his assistance. By the 19th Iuka and Burnsville were covered with a brigade each from Johnston's command, and the Confederate generals began to feel more assured in their line. By the 23d of March A. S. Johnston was at Corinth with his own army concentrated at Tuscumbia, Iuka, and Burnsville, all on the railroad leading to Corinth. From Corinth on that day he telegraphed to Van Dorn at Little Rock "to move with his command by the most expeditious route to Memphis" about sixty miles west of Corinth, having two railroads by which rapid concentration could be effected at the

latter place. On the 26th of March, President Davis wrote to General Johnston: "You have done wonderfully well, and now I breathe easier in the assurance that you will be able to make a junction of your two armies. If you can meet the division of the enemy moving from the Tennessee before it can make a junction with that advancing from Nashville, the future will be brighter." On the 29th the armies of Kentucky and the Mississippi were united under General Albert S. Johnston with Beauregard second in command. The army was composed of three corps under Polk, Bragg, and Hardee, with an infantry reserve of about 5000 men under General Crittenden. Bragg, in addition to his duties of corps commander, became chief of staff. The same day Van Dorn announces that he will join with his forces as soon as possible. On the 31st an order was issued for a brigade to occupy Monterey (Pea Ridge), a strong point about midway between Corinth and Shiloh.

Of this army, then about 40,000 strong, some were veterans in point of service but not enured to battles. Beauregard says of his new levies that they were composed of the best blood of the South. Bragg says after the march began that "many had never made a day's march or done a day's work." They were mostly badly armed. On the 1st of April a secret reconnoissance was ordered of the road from Purdy to Pittsburg. This looked forward evidently to a march of the division at Purdy, to strike the army at Pittsburg on the flank or in rear. The same day the order was issued for the troops of Polk's and Hardee's corps and the several detached brigades to be placed "in readiness for a field movement and to meet the enemy within 24 hours." On the 2d of April the three corps commanders were ordered to hold their forces ready to advance upon the enemy at 6 A.M. the following morning with three days' cooked rations and 100 rounds of ammunition. From some cause unknown a delay took place in the execution of these orders and on the 3d of April Johnston telegraphed President Davis, as follows: "General Buell is in motion, 30,000 strong, moving rapidly . . . to Savannah. Confederate forces, 40,000, ordered forward to offer battle near Pittsburg. Division from Bethel, main body from Corinth, reserve from Burnsville converge to-morrow near Monterey on Pittsburg, Beauregard second in command, Polk left and Hardee center; Bragg right wing; Breckinridge reserve. Hope engagement before Buell can form junction."

Hardee was ordered to move on the night of the 3d on the Ridge and Bark Road in the direction of Pittsburg to a point known as Mickey's. Owing to bad roads and the delays arising therefrom, concentration *in front of Monterey* was not completed until late on the 4th. Bragg wrote

to General Johnston from Monterey on the 4th at 10 A.M.: "I reached here at 8.30 ahead of my rear division. Bad roads, inefficient transportation, badly managed, and the usual delay of a first move of new troops have caused the delay. My first division is at Mickey's, and the ignorance of the guide for the second as well as the reports I receive from people here induce me to order my second division on the same road as the first. I am also influenced to do this from the information I have of Hardee's advance. . . . Nothing heard yet from General Breckinridge. . . . These delays will render it necessary to hold Hardee in check till we can be ready in the rear. I shall take the liberty of sending this information to him and *direct him to hold up* until he hears of my force being in position." Johnston from Monterey changes Polk's orders on the 4th and he was directed to move in support of Hardee and Bragg at 3 A.M. of the 5th, the hour set for Hardee and Bragg to move. Johnston expected "in a measure to surprise" the enemy and closes by saying: "Permit no delay when once this movement shall have begun." Breckinridge's final orders were to move by the Ridge Road to Mickey's and "thence if a road can be found in the direction of Pratt's house on the direct road from Monterey to Pittsburg which he will then follow until within two miles of General Bragg's forces where he will dispose his command *en masse* between the Bark Road and Lick Creek," Polk forming a second line from the left of Breckinridge to Owl Creek. On the night of the 4th the Confederate forces camped near the Mickey house, Hardee's corps in front, next in rear came Bragg's forces and in rear of that Polk's corps, all under orders to march at 3 A.M. of the 5th. A deluge of rain swelled the streams and filled the ravines so that a night march became impracticable and the advance did not begin till dawn of this, the 5th day of April. About 10 A.M. Hardee's advance reached the outposts of Grant's army and his command was immediately deployed about a mile and a half east of Shiloh Church between the heads of Owl and Lick Creeks (about three miles apart) with the left near Owl Creek. The storm of the preceding night delayed the march so that the troops were not closed up on Hardee until about four o'clock. This caused a postponement of the attack until the morning of the 6th.

The troops were arranged in two parallel lines, the first under Hardee and the second under Bragg, one thousand yards in rear, while four brigades under Polk supported the left and three under Breckinridge supported the right of the lines. We have now the two armies confronting each other separated by a distance of one and a half miles—one deployed in line of battle and the other in its chosen position which it has held for nearly three weeks with plenty of time, tools, men, and ability to make its

line of battle as it pleased, both with reference to direction and strength. On this day General Sherman reports that he thinks "there are two regiments of infantry and one battery of artillery" (Confederate) "about two miles out but that he does not apprehend anything like an attack on the Federal position. Grant on the same day, April 5th, reports to Halleck: "I have scarcely the faintest idea of an attack (general one) being made upon us, but *will be prepared should such a thing take place.*" General Grant, however, had an idea that the division of General Lew Wallace, then at and near Crump's Landing, might be attacked by a superior force and had given orders that in that event it should be immediately reinforced by two divisions from the main army. In the security of these opinions that night our army slept soundly.

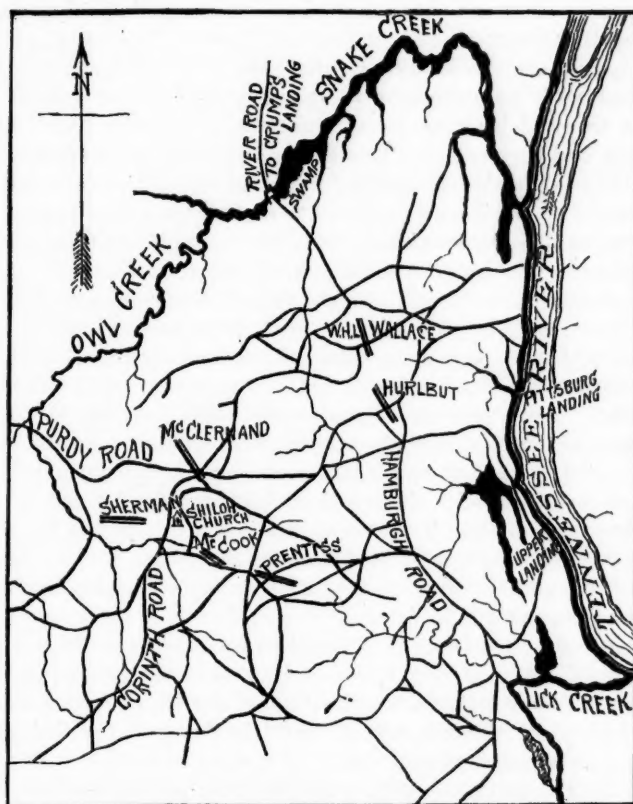
The Confederate army in battle array is now sleeping on its arms less than two miles from our unprotected troops, and before the crash begins it will aid much to get a clear idea of the situation of the troops in the position which General Sherman has told us was so easily defended by a small force, and at the same time afforded camping ground for a hundred thousand men. Sherman's force of three brigades and three batteries was on the extreme right. A fourth brigade of Sherman's division was on the extreme left nominally guarding a ford near the mouth of Lick Creek (but placed nearly a mile from that ford), was entirely removed from Sherman's supervision, and separated from the force on its right by a space of four-fifths of a mile. On the left of Sherman's main force, and half a mile away, was the division of Prentiss, consisting of three brigades and two batteries. This force was posted on the right bank of a ravine flowing into the creek in Sherman's front. The distance from the right to the left was about three and a half miles and the force on the front line numbered 14,293 and 22 guns, or about one-half of the proper number to hold such a line and give a decent support in close proximity. The division of McClernand was in rear of Sherman and camped obliquely to Sherman's line, and from its position must be treated as in reserve. Two other divisions under the command of W. H. L. Wallace and Hurlburt were in reserve and more than a mile in rear of Prentiss.

One division was at Crump's Landing six miles below, guarding a most important point on the left bank of the Tennessee River, and Nelson's division of the Army of the Ohio was at Savannah. The men of one brigade of this division were preparing for a review and inspection on the following morning, the brigade commander having on the afternoon of the fifth been told by General Grant that he could not march through the swamps to a point opposite Pittsburg Landing—to make the troops com-

fortable, and boats would be sent to transport the troops Monday or Tuesday or early in the week, and that they would have to go to Corinth to get into a fight.*

The space behind the two divisions which may be said to be in position, and between them and the Tennessee River, was much broken by ravines, affording many strong positions, and the ground was partly cleared, partly covered by open forests, and partly by a dense underbrush. The whole force on the ground numbered 37,331, and 52 guns. This would have given four divisions on a selected fighting line, each with its proper reserve, and one entire division in reserve ready to move to any part of the field, with two more divisions six and twelve miles away which could easily have been on the field before ten o'clock in the morning. For these troops no fighting line had been selected, no breastworks constructed along such a line and no abatis placed in front of it. The ground in front had not even been cleared of bushes to destroy shelter to the enemy and give unobstructed range for artillery and musketry. It will not do for an educated soldier to say that at that time our men did not appreciate the importance of defensive works, for half the force then at Shiloh had seen at Fort Donelson what strength such works added when they had to be attacked. Of the position at Fort Donelson, General Grant himself had said: "The ground is very broken and the fallen timber extending far out, I fear the result of any attempt to carry the place by storm with new troops." It is no excuse to say that the men were new to the business, for that was known before the battle as well as after it, and such troops were just the ones that needed breastworks to give them confidence till they were warmed up with the fire of battle. The conditions of defense at Fort Donelson might have been exactly reversed at Shiloh, and does it seem probable that a proper line of 37,331 men could have been shaken by an assault of 40,000 badly armed raw troops? On the Confederate side were three corps commanders in their proper position with the general in command and his seconds in positions selected by themselves. These high officers were in their places to press success, to repair disaster, and, in general, to make the Confederate army move like a machine in its work. On the Federal side the general in command was some miles away at the beginning of the battle and having no one on the field to act for him. No orders had been given to the division commanders, no co-operation arranged, and at the outset of the battle each division commander was a law unto himself as to where, how, and when he should take his command into action. This discussion would seem to be rendered proper by the assertion of the general in command, made while

* Diary of Colonel Jacob Ammen, commanding 1st brigade, Nelson's division.



POSITION OF FEDERAL FORCES ON THE 5TH OF APRIL.

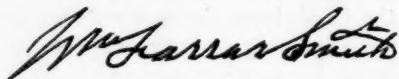
the Confederate forces were absolutely in his immediate front, that while not expecting any attack by the enemy in force, he still would be prepared for such a contingency. Was he?

On looking back through the movements made in Kentucky and Tennessee after the incoming of the year 1862, it will be seen that on the 16th of February the center of Johnston's army was captured at Fort Donelson and the wings separated. One leisurely retreated through Tennessee along the line from Nashville to Decatur, Alabama. The other as deliberately left Columbus, taking away the valuable heavy armament, the troops falling back over the railroad without let or hindrance, to the southern part

of Tennessee. Between these two wings were two Federal armies, numbering together 100,000 men or more. At Corinth, Mississippi, on the 5th of March, a nucleus for another Confederate army was formed, connected by railroad with both the retreating wings, and on the 23d of March Johnston reunited his army on this nucleus, giving him a force of about 40,000 men, and began at once to make preparations for an offensive movement. Halleck, on the 1st March, formed an expeditionary corps to proceed by water up the Tennessee River to destroy the railroad near Corinth, with these explicit instructions: "Having accomplished these objects, or such of them as may be practicable, you will return to Danville" near Fort Henry, "and move on Paris." On the 5th of March the instructions were changed to these: "If successful the expedition will not return to Paris, but will encamp at Savannah, unless threatened by superior numbers." On the 23d of March, the day of the concentration of the Confederate forces, the "Expeditionary Corps," now fairly become the Army of the Tennessee, *which had been ordered to concentrate at Savannah*, and numbering somewhat over 40,000 men, was encamped near Shiloh with its back to a wide, swollen river, with no bridges behind it and no possibility of throwing any—with a narrow landing so insufficient in space that several days were consumed in debarking the troops.* The position of the command, and the want of preparations for a decisive line of battle have already been given in detail.

The other or co-operating Federal army was over 80 miles away, and separated from the force at Shiloh by broken bridges and the Tennessee River. In some respects, the situation on the 5th of April had changed for the better, for the supporting army (the Army of the Ohio) had one division at Savannah, and four more within a day's march.

Seen from a purely military stand-point, the situation of the Army of the Tennessee at Shiloh, on the 5th of April, would seem to be faulty to an extreme degree, and the dispositions for battle uncommonly simple.



* See Grant's letter to Halleck, March 25th.

ONE NIGHT'S WORK, APRIL 20, 1862

BREAKING THE CHAIN FOR FARRAGUT'S FLEET AT THE FORTS BELOW NEW ORLEANS

ON the morning of April 20, 1862, orders were received by the commanding officers of the gunboats *Itasca* and *Pinola* to prepare their vessels for a night expedition. It was understood that the obstructions were to be removed which prevented the passing of Flag-Officer Farragut's fleet by the forts to New Orleans. These obstructions consisted of a huge chain, buoyed up by hulks, between Forts Jackson and St. Philip, which the Confederates had stretched across the river at that point. Captain Bell, who was to take command of the expedition, came on board the *Itasca* after dark, and gave the following orders, to be carried out if possible.

The *Pinola* was to take the west side and the *Itasca* the east side. We were to ascend the river, board the hulks, and overpower the enemy if any were found on board of them. On the *Pinola* the men were to use a petard to break the chain, while to the *Itasca* was assigned two kegs of powder (fifty pounds each) which were to be lashed to the chain and exploded by a five-minute fuse, it having been claimed that a large chain had been broken in that way. Captain Bell called all the officers on the quarter-deck, and stated to us that on the success or failure of the night's work depended the capture of New Orleans, as Flag-Officer Farragut did not wish to take his fleet up the river until the obstructions were removed. Lieutenant-Commanding Caldwell, commanding the *Itasca*, was ordered to place his vessel alongside one of the hulks, while I, with a picked crew of thirty sailors, was to board her, to be followed by Acting-Masters Jones and Johnson with the powder. Then we were to act as circumstances required. We started up the river about ten o'clock; the night was favorable for the undertaking, as the moon was not up, and it was quite hazy. After passing the gunboats on picket duty, we kept along together when suddenly a light was shown from Fort Jackson, answered quickly by a rocket from Fort St. Philip, and it was apparent that we were discovered.

In a moment a sharp fire was opened upon us from the water batteries and Fort Jackson, nearly all the shots passing over us. The engines were slowed down for a few moments when the order came to go ahead "fast"

and make a dash at the hulks, which we did, soon losing sight of the *Pinola*. We struck the second hulk from the shore on the east side of the river, threw our grapnel, stopping the engine at the same time, but the current running very strong, we drifted astern of the hulk, carrying away some of her upper works—started ahead again, and ran up on the port side of the first hulk on the eastern shore, slowing the engine and keeping our helm apart which eased the strain on the grapnel.

We sprang on board with the kegs of powder, but found no enemy on the hulks as was expected. We also found, as substantially reported, that the enemy had seven hulks or schooners, of about two hundred tons each, anchored at a distance of about one hundred yards apart, and extending across the river between Fort Jackson and the shore opposite, supporting a large chain. As well as we could discern in the darkness, these hulks were anchored, and the large chain was lashed to the hulks-chain outside, and near the hawse-pipe, and triced up well under the bows. The hulks-chain was passed around the windlass several times, and the end secured. We found the hulks-chain could be slipped from the bitts without using the powder, which was done by Acting-Master Johnson and his men, and as the hulks-chain went out the large chain went down with it, setting the hulk adrift. Our helm being apart and the engine running slow, ere we were aware of it we found ourselves heading for and near the eastern shore; but before the engine could be reversed we ran our bow up on a bank close to Fort St. Philip, taking the hulk with us. The firing from the enemy ceased soon after we struck the hulk, showing they had lost sight of us, probably supposing we had gone down the river.

Our position now was a very critical one; every means in our power were used to back the vessel off, but of no avail, we could not move her an inch. Her bow seemed to be securely held in the mud of the bank. A short distance above us could be seen the Confederate gunboats signaling, and every moment we expected them down upon us. The *Pinola* could not at this time be seen, so every preparation was made to abandon the ship in case we were discovered by the enemy. As the hulk was afloat alongside of us, a slow match was made ready to fire the magazine of the *Itasca*, when all hands were to board the hulk and float down the river. In a short time the *Pinola* was discovered coming to our assistance, but failed to pull us off, as the hawser they gave us parted, and she soon disappeared in the darkness down the river. She was gone so long that Lieutenant Commanding Caldwell sent the executive officer in a boat to the *Hartford*, to report our situation to the flag-officer. Soon after the boat left the ship, the *Pinola* made her appearance again, having in the

meantime been down the river and taken on board a large hawser, which, making fast to the *Itasca*, fortunately pulled her off just as a fire-raft was seen coming toward us. The *Itasca* was now headed up stream, and running above the chain, turned, and in coming down passed over the chain between the second and third hulks, breaking it, and setting the hulks adrift, thus making a clear passage for the fleet. The officers of the *Pinola* informed us they were not able to accomplish anything with the petard, as it failed to work. The passage was reported clear to Flag-Officer Farragut, but the machinery of one of the large vessels being out of order, we did not go up to the attack of the forts that night as was expected.

On the 23d inst. Lieutenant-Commanding Caldwell, returning from the *Hartford*, said it was reported that another chain had been stretched across the river, and could be seen from the main-top of that vessel; and that Flag-Officer Farragut and he had been up in the main-top, and although *they could not see any chain*, still the flag-officer desired that either he or the Commander of the *Pinola* should go up to the hulks and decide the matter. Lieutenant-Commander Caldwell said *he* would go, and taking the gig of the *Hartford*, with Acting-Master Jones and a picked crew, he pulled up to the hulks; I followed with the *Itasca*, keeping within supporting distance, and ready to render any assistance that might be necessary. The gig after reaching the hulks on the west shore was steered across the river, a lead line dropped over, soundings made, and no chain or obstruction of any kind could be discovered. The gig returned about eleven o'clock, P.M., when we dropped down and made signal to the *Hartford* that the river was clear. Soon after our signal was answered. Another signal was run up by the flagship for "fleet to form line of battle," when the *Itasca* took the position assigned to her. The fleet was fully underweigh about three thirty A. M. When opposite Fort Jackson a forty-two pound shot fired from Fort St. Philip pierced our boiler, causing the steam to escape and completely stopping the motive power of the vessel. The *Itasca* drifted down the river in a sinking condition, having been well riddled with shot, and was towed ashore by the steamer *Harriet Lane*.

Geo. B. Bacon
Act. & Officer of U.S.S. *Itasca*

REPRINTS

From the London Graphic, March 6, 1875.

[The following memorial sketch, from the pen of Charles Reade, the novelist, published in the *London Graphic* eleven years ago, will be warmly welcomed by all lovers of the truth of history. When the article appeared, the author of it, who had personally superintended the engraving of the portrait, sent a copy of the paper with his manuscript to his kinsman, General Meredith Read, the son of the Chief-Justice, to whose courtesy we are indebted for the autograph letter of Charles Reade accompanying the same, from which original his autograph has been copied for the benefit of our readers.—EDITOR.]

JOHN MEREDITH READ, late Chief Justice of Philadelphia, was born in 1797, and closed a remarkable career on November 29th, 1874. He was called to the bar in 1818, and was for many years a leading counsel. In that character his name is connected with celebrated cases, one of which earned him an English reputation. About the year 1850 one Hanway, having defended fugitive slaves from capture, was indicted for treason. The evidence was strong, the peril great. Hanway retained Mr. Read, Mr. Thaddeus Stevens, and Mr. J. J. Lewis. Mr. Read was leader, and his defence, famous to this day, appears to have surprised both friend and foe. Instead of grappling with the facts and so courting defeat, he fell upon the indictment with such a mass of learning and logic as literally crushed it. He showed by examples innumerable and reasons invincible that Hanway had not levied war in any legal sense against the United States, although he had violated a State law, and that, therefore, he must be acquitted under an indictment charging treason. Mr. Stevens said, "It is not possible to add anything to this defence," and the prisoner, whose case had been considered almost hopeless, was immediately acquitted. In 1858 Mr. Read was elected a judge of the Supreme Court of Philadelphia, and, a few years before his death, Chief Justice. In this character he did the best service to his country and to mankind. He was profoundly versed in European, as in American, law, and being not a mere judge, but a jurist too, he has left behind him a number of decisions, contained in forty-one volumes of reports, of the greatest value to lawyers both in Europe and America. Judges mingle more in politics in the United States than in England, and Mr. Read, who on one occasion was on the point of being nominated for the Presidency, was all his life a strong opponent of slavery and an earnest upholder of the Union. Mr. Read was descended from an old English family which was originally settled in Northumbria, but in the fourteenth century migrated southwards, and held large possessions in Berkshire and Oxfordshire. In the civil wars of the seventeenth century the family declared for the Crown, and its then chief, Mr. Compton Reade,

was for his services one of the first baronets created by Charles the Second after the Restoration.* A younger son of the family went over to Ireland in the same troubles, and his son, Colonel John Read, born at Dublin in 1688, went over to America, and purchased land in the Province of Maryland. This gentleman's eldest son, George Read, was one of those able men who framed the Constitution of the United States; he subsequently became President and Chief Justice of Delaware. He died in 1798. His son, John Read, an eminent lawyer, was



HON. JOHN MEREDITH READ, LL.D.,

CHIEF JUSTICE OF PENNSYLVANIA.

[From an engraving by Sartain of a painting by J. Henry Brown.
London Graphic, March 6, 1875.]

born in 1769, and died in 1854. John Read's son is the subject of this memoir, and the reputation of the family in the United States is at present maintained by General John Meredith Read, son of the Chief Justice, born February, 1837. This gentleman is distinguished both in science and in politics, has represented the

* Two baronetries were conferred, one in 1646, the other in 1660. Through a clerical error in one of the patents an e was added to the name, and was subsequently adopted by the English branches. The historical American branch retained the ancient form which the name had when it left England, and it figures thus on the petition to the King of the Congress of 1774, the Declaration of Independence, the Constitution of the United States, and many other earlier State papers.

—EDITOR.

United States in Paris, and is now American minister to Athens. Reverting to the English branch of the family, we may observe that the baronetcy, being unassociated with estates, has not yet been claimed by the person to whom it belongs. The younger branch holds the lands of Ipsden, etc., which have been four centuries in the family, and is best known to the public by Mr. Winwood Reade, the African traveller, and Mr. Charles Reade, the popular writer. We understand that the Philadelphia and the Oxfordshire branches maintain a firm friendship and sympathy.

Wm. Reade

NOTES

FORT MONROE OR FORTRESS MONROE ?
 —*Editor Magazine of American History*:
 A few months since I had a discussion with another ex-officer of the army as to the official designation of the military works at Old Point Comfort. We had each been attached to the staff of the general commanding the district in which the works are located, for a short time, and had frequently seen the orders of our commander. He said it was Fortress Monroe; I, that it was Fort Monroe. Being together at the War Department a few days later, we called upon Lieutenant-General Sheridan, as the highest military authority, and asked him to please give us a ruling in the case, which he did, as follows :

Copy :

Headquarters of the Army.
 Adjutant General's Office,
 Washington, Feb. 8, 1832.

Order }
 No 11 } (Extract)

1. . . It is the order of the Secretary of War that all the Military Posts designated *Cantonments* be hereafter called *Forts*—and that the works at Old Point Comfort be called Fort Monroe, and not Fortress Monroe.

* * * *

By order of Major Gen. Macomb :
 R. Jones,
 Adjt. General.

It was called Fortress Monroe from 1819 to 1832. Official

P H Sheridan
 Lt. General

William Howard Mills.

TICONDEROGA—The easy capture of this strong fortress at the beginning of the Revolutionary War by Colonel Ethan Allen has been one of the puzzles of historians, and many have been the attempts to account for the total surprise on the part of the officers of the garrison. The following tradition is one of the many, and may be as true as some of those credited by the scholars and writers.

Eliphalet Loud, Esq., one of the most important men of his day in this town, a man of unusual ability and education, was a soldier on that occasion, and a verbal tradition current in his family, says that, on the evening before the capture, the English and American officers were engaged in a social entertainment, at which the American officers, with the attempt in view, plied their English associates most plentifully with liquor, while they, knowing the necessity for cool heads, poured theirs down their bosoms, and the result was what might be expected, a total surprise. The old gentleman always expressed the regret that these American officers must have felt at the *waste* of so much good liquor, but the success gratified it.

NASH
 WEYMOUTH, MASSACHUSETTS, 12 February,
 1886.

QUERIES

BENEDICT ARNOLD—*Editor Magazine of American History*: Where was General Benedict Arnold, May 4-8, 1780?

MARTIN I. J. GRIFFIN

PHILADELPHIA, January 26.

CAN any one give me any information concerning the following Continental soldiers or their descendants? F. E. H.

Captain Charles Parsons, 1st. N. Y. regiment.

Captain Jonathan Titus, 4th N. Y. regiment.

Sergeant Richard Davis, 2nd N. Y. regiment (in 1790, of "County of Suffolk").

Private Benjamin Eaton, 2nd N. Y. regiment.

Gunner Wm. Gurtley, Colonel Lamb's Artillery regiment (of Boston)?

HISTORICAL TREES [xiv. 516; xv. 98]—Let Plymouth, Massachusetts, add its quota to the list—the old "Town Tree," with its bolted branches, an object of interest for many years. It stood in Town Square and was blown down Dec. 26, 1885.

Can any of your readers inform me how the tree received its name?

EDGAR D. SHIMER

JAMAICA, Long Island.

COLONEL THOMAS CRAFTS—Who were the parents of Colonel Thomas Crafts who commanded the regiment of artillery raised for the defense of Boston, from June, 1777 to December, 1778, called the "Massachusetts State's Train."

H. R. COOKE

NEW YORK.

REPLIES

ALTOWAN [xv. 207]—*Sir William Stuart*, of Scotland, wrote Altowan for my brothers and sisters and myself, when we lived at Spring Lawn, near Flushing.

His portrait is at 14 West 38th Street. Look at Preface. ALEX. S. WEBB

graveyard, as its register shows. For twenty years I have been seeking to discover his grave.

MARTIN J. J. GRIFFIN

PHILADELPHIA, January 26.

GENERAL STEPHEN MOYLAN [xv. 208]—S. M. Bird is in error regarding the tablet erected to memory of General Stephen Moylan in Fairmount Park, Philadelphia. It was erected by the Catholic Total Abstinence Union of America, and not by the American Catholic Historical Society of Philadelphia, which was only organized July 22, 1884. General Moylan died April 11, 1811, and on the 14th was buried in St. Mary's

GENERAL STEPHEN MOYLAN [xv. 208]—Was born in Ireland in 1734. He was a brother of the Roman Catholic Bishop of Cork. He was a resident of Philadelphia at the outbreak of the Revolutionary war, and was among the first to join the American camp at Cambridge. Washington, in a letter to Joseph Reed, dated Cambridge, 20th of November, 1775, writes: "Mr. Moylan, it is true, is very obliging; he gives me what assistance he can; but other busi-

ness must necessarily deprive me of his aid in a very short time." He seems to have been acting as aide-de-camp to Washington, and in the commissary department of the army until June 5, 1776, when Congress elected him quartermaster-general, with the rank of colonel, which office he resigned October 1, 1776. He then raised an independent regiment of light dragoons in Pennsylvania in 1777, and was in the battle of Germantown, and passed the following winter at Valley Forge. In 1779 he was on the Hudson and in Connecticut. On the 20th of July, 1780, he accompanied General Wayne on the expedition to Bull's Ferry, and in 1781 was sent with the Pennsylvania troops to join General Greene in the South. He was made a brigadier-general, by brevet, on the 3d of November, 1783. He was register and recorder of Chester County, Pennsylvania in 1792 and 1793, and until his death commissioner of loans for the district of Pennsylvania. He died in Philadelphia, April 11, 1811, and was buried in St. Mary's church-yard, South Fourth Street, Philadelphia.

I. C.

ALLEGHANY, PA., January 26, 1886.

GENERAL STOUGHTON [xv. 192]—*Editor Magazine of American History*: I beg leave to call attention to a serious error in Major Wm. Howard Mills's article on the Army under Hooker, in the last number of your very valuable Magazine. The officer whose capture by Mosby is described on pages 192-3, was not Colonel Charles B. Stoughton; but his older brother, Brigadier-General Edwin H. Stoughton. The latter's appointment had expired as stated; but was renewed

by the President, his name being sent to the Senate, for confirmation, three days before his capture. It had not been acted on by the Senate, and after his capture, was withdrawn by the President. This left General Stoughton without rank or position in the army, and he never re-entered the service. As his younger brother, Charles, was a brave and capable officer, who served with credit till compelled to leave the service by a wound which cost him one of his eyes, received in the Gettysburg campaign, it is doing him serious injustice to confound him with his brother.

G. G. BENEDICT

*Office of the State Military Historian,
BURLINGTON, VERMONT, January 28.*

THE BOOK OF COMMON PRAYER [xv. 94, 208]—After the Dutch had been dispossessed of their colonies in America, by the English, the latter endeavored to introduce the Established Church. This was about as easy a task to accomplish as it was to change the customs and language of the Dutch, which for more than a century so thoroughly prevailed that according to an early writer, "even the dogs barked in Dutch;" nevertheless, through official influences, the Church finally obtained a footing. The adventurous Englishman who came to the colony, as a soldier or settler, oftentimes could not resist the smiles and blandishments of the buxom Dutch girl, and the result was, as might be supposed, a happy union. Worshipping at her shrine, he relinquished, for her sake, everything but the love for his Church. Even his mother tongue was forgotten, or unused, as he adopted not

only the customs, but also the language of his fair vrow, who never learned to speak English; and in time he spake only the language of the place. Some of the children would go to the Dutch church with the mother, while others would attend the English church with the father; and thus, a congregation of English and Dutch was formed in the latter church. It was to meet this emergency, that this book was prepared in English and Dutch. The first rector of the English church in this city, the Rev. Thomas Barclay, who commenced his duties here in 1708, read the service and preached in Dutch. Before this time, a chaplain of the army, or an occasional missionary would hold a service in the fort. The service in Dutch was continued many years, probably until about the time of the Revolution, and the use of the Prayer-book in English and Dutch was continued by the older members, after the substitution of the English for the Dutch service, until long after the second war with England; for they were still, at that late period, more familiar with the Dutch language than with the English. I have in my possession one of these books, complete in every respect, but showing signs of much use, which was used by my grandfather, whose father was a warden of St. Peter's church in 1762.

W. W. CRANNELL

ALBANY, January 18, 1886.

MILITARY BANDS [xv. 207]—It appears from the following letter that

stringed instruments were used in the band attached to Colonel Proctor's artillery.
I. C.

Philadelphia, Oct. 24, 1776.

Mr. President :

Sir: As the times of sundry of the Artillery men for which they inlisted, will expire the 27th of next month, in which matter beg to have your advice especially as my band of musicians are in the number, who from private encouragement offered to them are intending to join some other corps, at said expiration; I cannot find out who the persons are, as they keep it secret, but I am convinced the persons thus acting use me very ungenerously, as I have been at a considerable expense having bought all their musick and instruments, and paid each person who played on the viol, 5s. per month for their strings. I hope you will take premises in consideration and order it as in your wisdom you may think meet.

I am most respectfully yours,
Thomas Proctor.

Directed.

To the Hon'ble Council of Safety,
Philadelphia.

DEATH OF WASHINGTON [xv. 266]—If P. L. F. will kindly give Mr. Jas. Duval Rodney, Germantown, Pennsylvania, some clew to "Hough's List," he may perhaps be able to send something.
FEBRUARY 16, 1886.

SOCIETIES

THE MARYLAND HISTORICAL SOCIETY —The November meeting of this society was held on the 9th of that month, and the society was the recipient of a beautiful bust of the late Hon. John P. Kennedy, the donation of Prof. Leonce Rabbillon. A paper of much interest was read by Rev. William F. Brand, D.D., upon Colonel Nathaniel Ramsay, of the Maryland line in the army of the Revolution, whose bravery at the battle of Monmouth contributed quite as much as that of any one to save the army of the country. At the next monthly meeting, December 14, an elaborate paper was read by Clayton C. Hall, Esq., upon "The Great Seal of the State of Maryland." It was a piece of thorough good work, giving full and accurate description of every seal used in the colony, from the granting of the charter down to the date of the change from a colony to a State; and of every seal of the State from that time to the adoption of the present seal in 1876. In his researches he had found the means, and illustrated his descriptions by copies, impressions, or photographs of all the seals but one, which is supposed to have been irretrievably lost in Ingle's rebellion. Both the papers will be printed by the society in its series of publications. A special meeting of the society was held at the Athenæum building on January 25, and in the absence of President J. H. B. Latrobe, Rev. J. G. Morris occupied the chair. The chief feature of this meeting was the reading by Mr. Henry Stockbridge of an interesting paper prepared in accordance with a vote of the society and by appointment of the president.

Its purpose was to give some popular idea of the work done by the society for the State and historical students in the publication of the archives, and insuring their permanent preservation in a form at once accessible and attractive to the general reader, as well as creditable to the State. It showed that the volumes of the series published gave a full and exact transcript of the early records, reproducing the original in word, letter and punctuation, with scrupulous and conscientious fidelity. It showed that there are many curiosities to be found in these records of the condition and acts of our ancestors from two hundred to two hundred and fifty years ago. We find in them the germs of many of the customs and institutions and names still existing, the reasons of many absurdities not yet obsolete, and the sure foundation of many of those things which are subjects of congratulation and pride to every Marylander. They have been too long hidden, inaccessible and unarranged volumes which are now for the first time being brought before the public. It is beyond all comparison the most valuable historical work that has ever been done in our State, and is done in a manner to reflect great credit upon all connected with it. Among these curiosities we find that the General Assembly, in making provision for its meeting, provided that the place of assembling should be a tavern, and the prices to be charged to them or to the colony for the entertainment of the persons composing the Assembly was rigidly fixed by them, and they make it apparent that a certain amount of wine or "hot waters" was

one of the perquisites of the members to be paid for out of the colonial treasury of tobacco.

RHODE ISLAND HISTORICAL SOCIETY
—At the meeting of this society on the evening of February 9th, a large audience assembled to listen to the Rev. Mr. Jackson's paper on "The Trial of Anne Hutchinson." The lecturer announced his subject, and after an elaborate review of the ecclesiastical and civil conditions of the Massachusetts colony, with a description of the chief persons of the time, and the heresies which led to the arraignment of the accused woman, proceeded:

No one can read the proceedings of that tribunal of November, 1637, without perceiving, from the arbitrariness of its character and its utter disregard of the fundamental principles of law, that, composed as it was of the defendant's bitterest opponents, men to whom religious toleration was hateful, the court had long before determined to convict her, and made use of the form of a trial as the most specious means of compassing their designs. "You are called here," said the governor at the beginning of these extraordinary proceedings, "as one of those that have troubled the peace of the commonwealth and the churches here; you are known to be a woman that hath had a great share in promoting and divulging of those opinions that are causes of this trouble, and to be nearly joined, not only in affinity and affection, with some of those the court hath taken notice of and passed censure upon, but you have spoken divers things, as we

have been informed, very prejudicial to the honor of the churches and ministers thereof, and you have maintained a meeting and an assembly in your house that hath been condemned by the general assembly as a thing not tolerable or comely in the sight of God, nor fitting for your sex." The governor, after a brief further statement, commands her to answer whether she does or does not hold and assent in practice to the opinions and factions that have been held in court already; that is to say, whether she upholds the teachings of Wheelwright and the views of those who remonstrated against his ill-treatment. The governor's charge was very general, and in her answer to it Mrs. Hutchinson embodied the great principle of common law, which requires every offense to be set forth with clearness and certainty; "I am called here to answer before you; but I hear nothing laid to my charge."

Mrs. Hutchinson and the governor now got into a hot argument on the liberty of conscience and the duty to the commonwealth regarded in the light of a parent. Winthrop, however, soon found that he was no match for the woman preacher, and brought that part of the discussion to a close by refusing "to discourse with those of her sex about it," and assuming that she did adhere to and set forward the faction. This point assumed to the satisfaction of the court—a pleasant way of trying people, by assumptions!—the judge (the governor) proceeded to attack her weekly public preachings. "The elder women, said Paul to Titus, were to teach the prayer," replied Mrs. Hutchinson.

BOOK NOTICES

HISTORY OF CALIFORNIA. By THEODORE H. HITTELL. Vol. I. 8vo, pp. 799. San Francisco: Occidental Publishing Co. 1885.

A more romantic subject could not well have inspired the pen of an able historian. California possesses a fascination for all classes of people in all climes. It was represented in the old records as an island, rich in pearls and gold. From this point the author, with a firm hand and in clear, charming diction, traces the development, illustrates the progress, and shows, step by step, how this beautiful territory became the "Golden State" of the Union. All the old voyages, with their interesting incidents; the story of the early settlers and their heroism; the establishment of missions; the character and acts of the old Spanish and Mexican governors; the changes wrought in the revolution against Spain and Spanish ideas; the growth of the civil as opposed to the ecclesiastical, and the popular as opposed to the monarchical power; the struggles of individuals and factions; the small beginnings, gradual increase, and final overwhelming flood of American immigration, with its wonderful effects, and the evolution from these heterogeneous elements of a new commonwealth are all presented in the most picturesque manner. The first volume contains fourteen chapters, admirably arranged in relation to subjects, and of the most intense interest. Mr. Hittell has not done his work hurriedly, but every page bears the evidence of study and conscientious research. One of the specially engaging chapters in this first volume is the "Foundation of Monterey." The author says: "It was on June 3, 1770, that the ceremonies were performed. On the morning of that day all the people, including the crew of the *San Antonio*, the governor and soldiers in their uniforms, and the fathers in their robes, met together on the beach near Viscaino's oak. After throwing up a hastily constructed booth of branches, raising an altar and hanging their bells, they commenced the celebration with loud, vigorous chimes. Junipero in alba and stole then advanced and invoked the blessing of Heaven upon the kneeling congregation and the work upon which they were entering. The hymn "*Veni Creator Spiritus*" was next chanted; the place with its surroundings was consecrated, and a great cross, which had been prepared, was elevated and adored. The fields and beach were also liberally sprinkled with holy water for the purpose of putting to flight all infernal enemies. The mass, in the absence of the usual instrumental music, was accompanied by repeated salvos of artillery and musketry from ship and shore. The civil and military ceremonies of advancing and planting

the royal standard and taking formal possession of the country for and in the name of Charles III., King of Spain, were next gone through with. Thus at one and the same time were founded the royal presidio and the mission of San Carlos de Monterey; and the settlement thus commenced immediately became and for many years thereafter continued to be the capital of Alta California."

THE CAMPAIGNS OF STUART'S CAV-

ALRY. The Life and Campaigns of Major-General J. E. B. Stuart, Commander of the Cavalry of the Army of Northern Virginia.

By H. B. McCLELLAN, A.M., late Major-Assistant Adjutant-General and Chief-of-Staff of the Cavalry Corps, Army of Northern Virginia. Large 16mo, pp. 468. New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

This handsome volume is easily among the best—considered in a literary point of view—of all the war memoirs that have appeared from Confederate sources. It is in marked contrast with many of the earlier works in that its tone is calm, gentlemanly, and, so far as can be expected from a participant in the contest, impartial, a qualification not in the least intended as a slur. It is impossible that one who takes part in a fight can be as just in his views of the encounter as one who looks on from some safe vantage-ground, but Major McClellan never suffered the bitterness of defeat to influence him against giving credit to the other side when such credit was its due. In this particular the book is almost unique. Nearly all the Confederate writers have seemed to take especial delight in conveying the impression that the Federals were everywhere and always inferior to their opponents in pluck, daring and endurance, but Major McClellan, whatever his private opinion may be, gives us the impression that even such a dashing *sabreur* as Stuart, occasionally found foemen worthy of his steel. The fine portrait of General Stuart, that serves as a frontispiece, at once prepossesses the reader in favor of the book. General Stuart was in many respects the ideal cavalry leader in the Southern Army. In his picture he appears as a handsome, soldierly man in the prime of life, jauntily dressed in a gay uniform with sash and huzzar-jacket. Just the type of man whom one would select as the leader of such a gallant corps as the Virginian cavalry proved itself to be. As a contribution to history the volume is of considerable value. The maps are one and all admirably clear and well executed, having been prepared from the War Department maps by the author's brother, Carswell McClellan,

civil engineer, formerly on the staff of Major-General A. A. Humphreys. In connection with the account of the Gettysburg campaign, Major McClellan gives what is probably the fullest and most authoritative Confederate report of Stuart's raid to the rear of the Federal army. In the course of this he remarks that a considerable number of prisoners were captured and paroled, but that the validity of the parole was not admitted by the Federal authorities, the men being at once ordered back to duty. If this be true, and there were not good and sufficient reasons for setting aside the parole, it is the only case that we have heard of where bad faith has been charged against the North in this particular. Indeed, bad faith, *as such*, is not charged here, the statement is simply made without comment. The author points out some nearly fatal mistakes that his superior made during this very brilliant and dashing raid which actually brought the Confederate troopers to the very confines of the Capital, and gave the government a fright that was hardly allayed by the subsequent disastrous repulse of the Confederates at Gettysburg. The book is well written, in a clear, narrative style, and is in many respects a model of what such a biography should be.

ECCLESIASTICAL INSTITUTIONS. Being Part VI. of the Principles of Sociology. By HERBERT SPENCER. 16mo, pp. 182. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

Any system that savors of shams is justified in feeling an inward tremor when Herbert Spencer holds it up for examination. That some ecclesiastical institutions have been and are open to suspicion in this regard is no proof that others are not entirely above such suspicion. These last have nothing to fear from Herbert Spencer, and their disciples may without hesitation order *Ecclesiastical Institutions* for their church libraries. Perhaps, however, it would be well for them to examine the book first, since the author treats of what we may term the evolution of priestcraft, and ends with a chapter on religious retrospect and prospect. Herbert Spencer's philosophy has made him many enemies and many friends, but his enemies are mainly among those against whose pet theories he rides a tilt, with a very sharp lance, and his friends, or at least his admirers—for many read and admire who do not wholly agree—are among the most enlightened and progressive of the children of Adam.

A HISTORY OF FARMINGTON, Franklin County, Maine, from the earliest explorations to the present time. 1776-1885. By FRANCIS GOULD BUTLER. 8vo, pp. 683.

Farmington: Knowlton, McLeary & Co., 1885.

Among the many town histories that have been produced in recent years the one before us is pre-eminently valuable. Farmington is an agricultural town, and probably the best agricultural town in the State of Maine, and with varied mechanical industries, and mercantile and professional interests, it affords a prolific subject for the pen of the author. The records of the town are complete and full from the date of its incorporation in 1794, and the records of churches, parishes and other organizations have been found in good condition. Farmington is eighty miles north of Portland, and eighty miles west of Bangor. It is built on both sides of the Sandy River, and the author very justly remarks: "No description would be complete without reference to the beauty of its scenery. The broad belts of green interval, with here and there glimpses of the river winding and glistening like a silver thread, the hills above with the blue background of the distant mountains—Mt. Blue towering like a sentinel above them all—combine to form as fair a picture as New England can boast."

The genealogical features of the work, which occupy half the volume, are of great interest and importance. First upon the Register we find the well-known name of Abbott, and as we turn the leaf an exquisite portrait in steel of Reverend Jacob Abbott, the author and scholar meets the eye. There is a well-written sketch of Reverend John S. C. Abbott, who was the author in rapid succession of fifty-two volumes, nearly all of a historical character; and sketches of varied length of other members of the Abbott family. The genealogical tables are admirably well-arranged, and the numerous biographical sketches, in many instances accompanied by portraits, should render the book a necessity in all the families of the descendants throughout the country. These local histories are filling gaps in our general history and cannot be too highly commended, particularly when executed with such care, research and ability as this of Farmington.

THE DELSARTE SYSTEM OF DRAMATIC EXPRESSION. By GENEVIEVE STEBBINS. Large 16mo, pp. 271. New York: Edgar S. Werner.

The reader who opens this book at almost any of the illustrated pages will encounter a set of technical terms not to be found in their entirety in any dictionary, and not suggestive at first sight of any very intelligible meaning. When we see a double-page chart covered with feet and legs in different positions, and are told that the first of these is "Concentro-con-

centric" and the last "Excentro-excentric," we are not much the wiser, but a few pages farther on we find a series of hands, the first a clenched fist, and the last a wide-opened palm with all the fingers divergent, and we understand that the one may properly be termed concentro-concentric, and the other excentro-excentric.

These terms are the extremes, of the gamut of expression which ranges through normo-concentric, excentro-concentric, concentro-normal, normo-normal, excentro-normal, concentro-excentric, normo-excentric, and ends as has been said with excentro-excentric. These terms are applied to the various possible expressive postures of the limbs and features, and when fairly comprehended express admirably the intended meaning. The volume, as a whole, is a conscientious attempt to preserve for the English-speaking public Delsarte's famous system of dramatic expression, a system which has been followed with marked success by many distinguished actors. The "profession" will, we fancy, not look upon the work with unanimous favor, but to students and amateurs it will at least afford an opportunity to study what is universally accepted as the creation of a wonderful intellect.

Delsarte has been misunderstood and laughed at, and this attempt to preserve the traditions of his genius is assuredly deserving of praise.

LIFE AND TIMES OF WILLIAM SAMUEL

JOHNSON, LL.D., First Senator in Congress from Connecticut, and President of Columbia College, New York. By E. EDWARDS BEARDSLEY, D.D., LL.D., Rector of St. Thomas' Church, New Haven. Second edition, revised and enlarged. 8vo, pp. 225. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Company. 1886.

A more welcome contribution to American history than this scholarly production could not well be received. The scholar and jurist of whom it is the subject, early became distinguished at the American bar by his eloquence and ability. He was one of the founders of our republic, and we sympathize in the sentiments of Dr. Beardsley, when he says: "It seems strange that a name so distinguished should have been left for more than half a century with no other record of its deservings than brief sketches in periodicals or meager notices in biographical dictionaries." Dr. Johnson was in the habit of preserving the original drafts of many of the letters and documents which he penned, thus the learned author of the work has been able to present a rare and interesting picture of his life and times. From the correspondence during Dr. Johnson's long residence abroad, at a critical period of American affairs, much fresh light is thrown upon the blind and impolitic course

pursued by the government of Great Britain toward the aggrieved colonies. But Dr. Johnson lived nearly fifty years after his return from England, and the largest share of the more dignified and interesting events of his public life falls within that epoch, and blends with the sources of our national history.

Dr. Beardsley, writing with Dr. Johnson's Diary before him, says: "According to Johnson, who carefully noted the drift of Parliamentary measures, this second taxation originated in a peculiar and unexpected manner. Lord Chatham was Prime Minister at the time, and it is well known, opposed to raising a revenue in America by the imposition of duties; but, unfortunately, at the opening of Parliament (1767), he was seized with a fit of the gout and went down to Bath, and was confined there and at Marlborough during the whole session. The leadership in the House of Commons was intrusted in his absence to Charles Townshend, one of the ministry, a young man of fine talents, and an able speaker and manager—but full of fire and frequently off his guard. Whether designedly or not is uncertain; but Grenville took advantage of his impulsiveness, and one evening when he was declaiming as usual on American affairs, he went so far as to say, addressing himself to the minister: 'You are cowards; you are afraid of America,' repeating the taunt in different language, upon which Townshend took fire, rose, and said: 'Fear, fear, cowards, dare not tax America. I dare tax America.' For a few moments Grenville stood silent and then said: 'Dare you tax America? I wish to God I could see it.' And Townshend replied: 'I will, I will.' 'Next morning,' wrote Johnson, 'I knew from an American and member of Parliament—a friend of Townshend, with whom he and others had supped—that at supper Townshend said: 'I have done a very foolish thing to-night, which Mr. Grenville's impetuosity has driven me into, to promise to tax America. I love America, and don't wish to harass them; but cannot you gentlemen tell me of some paltry tax to impose, by which I can get out of the scrape, and stop the mouths of these wrangling disputants?' Thus the tax upon tea, which was thought least calculated to be disagreeable to the American people."

Dr. Johnson was a conspicuous and influential member of the Convention that framed the Constitution. The author says: "From the time he took his seat to the close of the session, September 17, he does not appear to have been absent from the proceedings. It is known that the deliberations were frequently impeded by jarring interests and local feelings, and his views, being wholly liberal and national, and 'seeking peace in the spirit of peace,' he was occasionally the happy instrument of conciliation between the fears and jealousies of the smaller States and the claims and assumptions of the larger ones. It is

understood that the most original and peculiar feature of the government was due to his suggestion and urgency. He first proposed the organization of the Senate as a distinct body, in which the State sovereignties should be equally represented and guarded, while the weight of population might be felt in the House of Representatives. It was the morning after Dr. Franklin had made his celebrated speech in the Convention, acknowledging the difficulties which surrounded them, and closing with a proposition to seek the guidance of Divine wisdom in prayers, at the opening of each day's session, that Johnson rose in his place and said: 'The controversy must be endless whilst gentlemen differ in the grounds of their arguments; those on one side considering the States as districts of people composing one political society, those on the other considering them as so many political societies. The fact is, that the States do exist as political societies, and a government is to be formed for them in their political capacity, as well as for the individuals composing them. Does it not seem to follow, that if the States, as such, are to exist, they must be armed with some power of self-defense? This is the idea of Colonel Mason, who appears to have looked to the bottom of this matter. Besides the aristocratic and other interests, which ought to have the means of defending themselves, the States have their interests, as such, and are equally entitled to like means. On the whole, he thought that as, in some respects, the States are to be considered in their political capacity, and in others, as districts of individual citizens, the two ideas embraced on different sides, instead of being opposed to each other, ought to be combined—that in *one* branch the *people* ought to be represented, in the *other*, the *States*.'

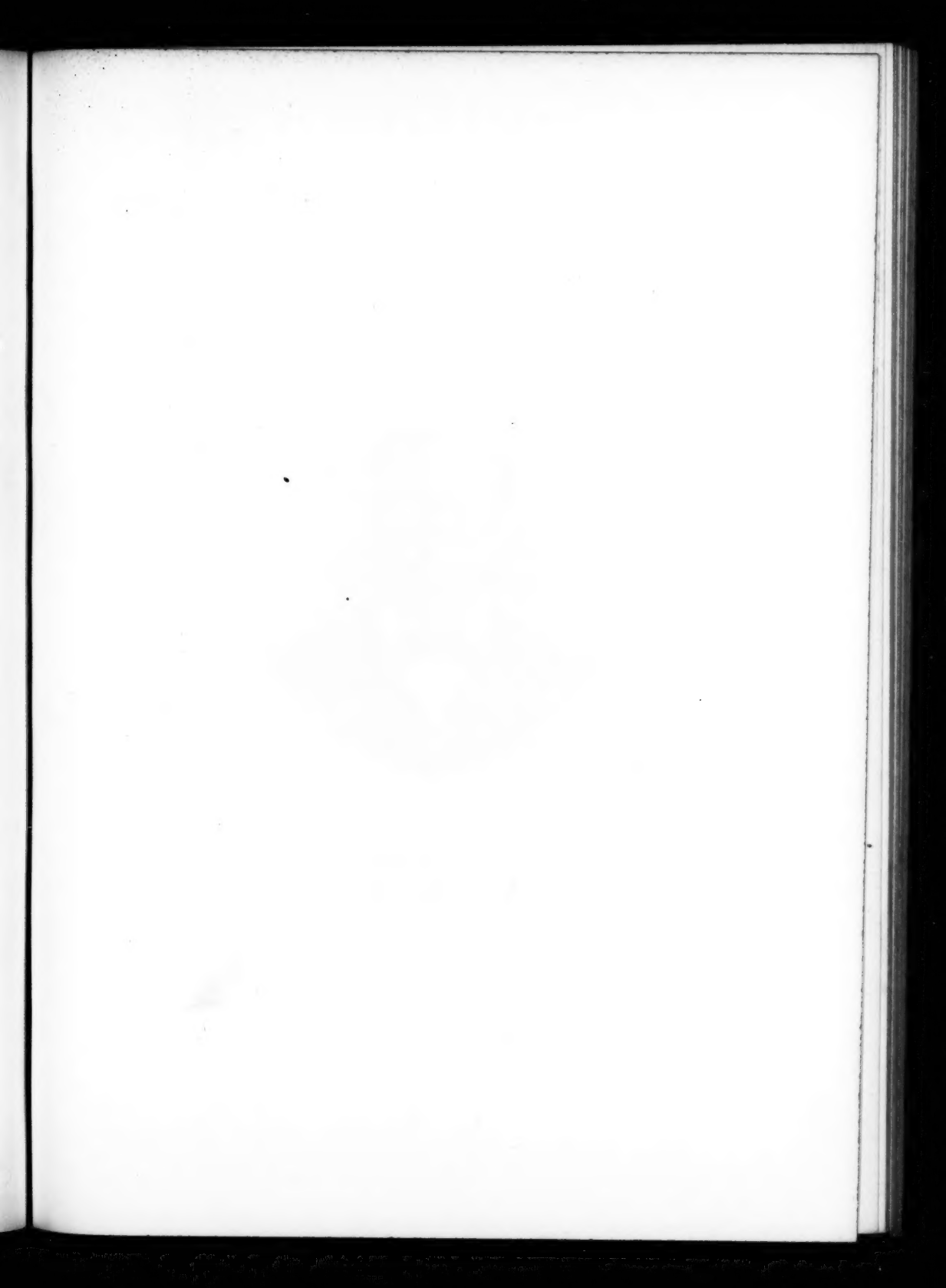
THE GLASSE OF TIME. In the First Age.

Divinely handled by THOMAS PEYTON, of
Lincolnes Inne, Gent. Scene and allowed.
London: printed by Bernard Alsop, for Lawrence Chapman, and are to be sold at his shop
over against Staple Inne. 1620. 16mo, pp.
177. New York: John B. Alden. 1886.

Forty years before *Paradise Lost* was given to the world this little work was written and printed, and it is believed to have inspired the genius of the greater poet in the production of

the immortal poem which it so much resembles. It begins like *Paradise Lost* with the beginning of human existence, and treats mainly of the fall of man; but it takes a wider range, follows the descendants of Adam to the time of Noah, and promises a continuation of the story, which promise, through the early death of the author, was never fulfilled. It displays no little knowledge of classical lore, and a remarkable familiarity with the Scriptures. "It is quaint, rough, sincere, and devotional, abounding in odd conceits and infelicitous expressions, yet sometimes rising into sublimer strains the influence of its divine subject. In its narrative it takes Milton's view of the origin of sin, the agency of Satan, the consequent depravity of the race, and the hope of the sinner through redemption. In placing the two works side by side, the noble simplicity of Milton's design stands out more clearly than ever before. While Milton's subject is illustrated with the full glow of the poet's fire, and enriched with the varied splendor of a world-wide knowledge, still the unity of the idea remains intact."

Peyton died at the early age of thirty-one, in the year 1626. A copy of the little book, elaborately bound in vellum, ornamented with gold, with coat of arms and regal device, illustrated with curious cuts, and quaintly printed, had been kept in the possession of some English family, and was buried in the chest of an illiterate descendant until his death created a train of circumstances which brought the treasure to light. About seventy years ago Lord Bolland purchased the copy now in the British Museum at the sale of the late Mr. Brindley's library (February 22, 1816), paying for it £19 5s., about \$97, and the title-page of the second part or volume at the sale of the same gentleman's prints for £22 1s. 6d. It appears to have been unknown to Hallam and other writers on the literature of England. The encyclopedias do not contain the poet Peyton's name. The place of his grave is unknown. The writer of the Introduction, to whom the public is indebted for this reprint, copied it with great care from the solitary printed copy in the British Museum, adhering strictly to the spelling, punctuation, italicization, and capitalization of the original edition. In the extracts contained in the Introduction the orthography was corrected so as to conform to present usage. It is a literary curiosity indeed.





Eng'd by H. C. Kneass N.Y.

Winfield S. Hancock

GEN WINFIELD S HANCOCK

MAGAZINE OF AMERICAN HISTORY

Vol. XV

APRIL, 1886

No. 4

THE 'NEWGATE' OF CONNECTICUT

THE OLD SIMSBURY COPPER MINES

A CONSIDERABLE portion of the early settlers of this country were drawn hither in the expectation of finding it another Mexico in its yield of the precious metals. The discovery of these, however, was to be preceded by that of the more useful minerals. About the year 1700 a deposit of copper ore was discovered in Connecticut, at a place nearly eighteen miles north-west of Hartford, in what was then the town of Simsbury, but which now forms a part of East Granby. Mining operations were soon commenced, and in 1707 a working company was formally organized under a charter, said to have been the first granted for mining purposes in our country.

The site of the mine is upon the west flank of the high Trap Range which stretches from Holyoke, in Massachusetts, to its terminus at East Rock, in New Haven, and has long been known familiarly as Copper Hill. The neighboring region is very picturesque, and the old mine is a place of resort both on this account and for its historical interest. The mining company, as such, undertook only to secure the crude ore, most of which was shipped to England, though a small portion was smelted here under contract with a separate company. It is a significant evidence of the general lack of scientific knowledge in our country at that time, as well as of the limited development of the arts, that the persons with whom this contract was made were all clergymen. It shows also the great regard in which learning was held in the New England of those days that the contract with the smelting company required it to reserve one-tenth of its profits for the town, of which two-thirds was to be given for the maintenance of "an able schoolmaster in Simsbury," and the other third to the "College School," by which name Yale College was then known.

As early as the year 1709, on the ground of its being a "public benefit," the General Court of the colony passed an act for the encouragement of the copper mines at Simsbury. Under this and some supplementary acts the business was carried on for about sixty years. Leases of different por-